THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, stop it you must. None but scalawags do such a cruise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

Notice!

In the face of everything, Wanamaker & Brown increased their great Clothing business last year at Oak Hall nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for 1879 the new plans will make the house more popular and increase the business much more. Eighteen years in the people's service at the old corner of Sixth and Market has taught us how to do the business well.

Notice!

Whatever may be said, no house in the United States sells anything like so much Clothing at Retail as Oak Hall, and no house in Philadelphia sells more than a quarter as many goods as Mr. Wanamaker sells *in Clothing alone.* Doing this large business shows the people's regard for our goods, and enables us to buy cheaply and sell at small profits.

Notice!

New patterns have been made this year and new styles introduced through Mr. Robert C. Ogden (formerly partner of the famous firm of Devlin & Co., New York), who is now associated with Oak Hall, and will give his whole energies and valuable experience to improving the manufacture of our Boys' and Men's Clothing. We do not buy Clothing like the dealers, but make it expressly for our own sales. The Spring stock is splendid, and no other make of goods, so far, have as much merit, or are sold as cheaply.

Notice!

Impressions have been erroneously given to the effect that Mr. John Wanamaker, who founded Oak Hall, is not interested in the old store, and that it does not have his attention; on the contrary, his ownership of it remains unchanged, and he has lost none of his love for it. Every day finds him supervising all its departments. Mr. William H. Wanamaker spends his entire time on the Oak Hall business.

A VISIT THIS SPRING PARTICULARLY INVITED.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, 6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

HERE I AM AGAIN!

—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—

PUBLIC OFFICE

—BUT AS A CANDIDATE FOR—

PUBLIC PATRONAGE!

Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his

LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,

Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,

Where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,

N. J. FREIDHOFF

Is fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,

QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

EBENSBURG, MARCH 21, 1879.-tf.

SIMON'S CHEAP AND

POPULAR CLOTHING DEPOT

—HAS BEEN REMOVED TO—

DR. CHRISTY'S BUILDING,

Corner Eleventh Avenue and 13th Streets Altoona, Pa.,

WHERE HAS JUST BEEN OPENED A LARGE STOCK OF

CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.,

—OF THE—

LATEST, BEST AND NEATEST SPRING STYLES

And at PRICES SO LOW that it will pay you to buy from

CHAS. SIMON, 1230 Eleventh Avenue, in Room recently occupied by C. Simon & I

REAR OF P. R. R. PASSENGER DEPOT, ALTOONA, PA.

WE HAVE REMOVED

To No. 1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA.

(Building occupied by us two years ago, opposite Eberl's Music Store.)

Look Out for NEW STOCK

AND BIG BARGAINS IN

DRY GOODS AND DRESS GOODS,

MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

FOR THE SPRING TRADE, THE BEST IN THE CITY.

☞We hope to welcome all our old friends as in the past, and all new ones who wish to give us their patronage, as we can assure them that the styles will be the latest and prices the lowest.

C. SIMON & CO.,

S. B. CORN Manager, ALTOONA, PA.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—The undersigned would respectfully inform all who wish to fit themselves for teacher's profession, or for any other business in life, that he will open a HIGH SCHOOL and NORMAL INSTITUTE, to commence April 15, 1879, at the public school building in Wilmore borough, and continue for a term of ten weeks. In addition to the usual studies pursued in such schools, a course in Composition, Rhetoric and the higher branches of Mathematics will be added if desired. For further information call on or address

Feb. 28, 1879.-6t. JOHN MCCORMICK, Wilmore, Cambria Co., Pa.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of THOMAS EGER, Assignee of JOSEPH GASTNER and wife for the benefit of creditors, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and if no exceptions be filed to said account on or before the first Monday of June next, the said account will be confirmed absolutely.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, March 24, 1879.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE

IT SEEMS TO HIM SO FUNNY.

Yes, his front name is Tobias,
And he isn't over pious,
And his eyes are on the bias,
So to speak;

And his only aim and bent is
Nobby clothing—for this gent is
Just a bit non compos mentis
Like, and weak.

And this feather-weighted gent he—
Though not over one-and-twenty—
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,
So to speak;

For he'd rather be a prancing,
And kicking at a dancing,
Than his stock of wit enchancing
Learning Greek.

Tho' he apes the drawl and stammer
When he dons his sleek claw-hammer,
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,
So to speak;

And he questions very rarely
(So his clothes are hanging fairly)
If his brain be fashioned squarely
Or oblique.

No, he has no education,
And his beauty took vacation
'Bout the time of his creation,
So to speak;

And upon mature reflection,
Taking each distinct bisection,
I've decided his complexion's
Rather weak.

Tho' his shirt has not a rimple,
Nor his beardless chin a dimple,
Yet he boasts a chronic pimple
On his beak;

And his voice is not reliant,
For at times he is defiant,
And at times it is a pliant
Little squeak.

Now it seems to me so funny
That this half-demented sonny
Should be loaded down with money,
So to speak;

Whilst the writer of this ditty,
Who you see is rather witty,
Has to scrub about the city
On his cheek.

—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Some years ago I was traveling through Iowa for the well known house of Sevyler, Hartley and Graham, of Philadelphia, and having busines in Montgomery the county seat of Powesheik county, I engaged a horse at Grinnell, the nearest railroad town, for the purpose of carrying me there.

Montgomery was distant some fourteen miles, and being in no particular hurry I journeyed along quite leisurely so that I might feast my eyes upon the endless, rolling prairies, which were at this season of the year (June) clothed in wild flowers of the most beautiful and variegated hues.

The sun had almost reached the meridian and, judging from the distance I had come, I momentarily expected to see the church spires of the town loom into view, when suddenly my horse, with a mingled snort of terror and pain, reared up with such violence as to almost unseat me. He then began prancing fearfully, gazing the meanwhile with terrified and distended eyes at the ground beneath his fore feet.

Casting my eyes in the same direction I beheld to my horror a large snake of the copperhead species, directly under the horse's hoofs, which had already trampled the serpent into a shapeless and writhing mass.

Dismounting, I examined the horse and discovered that he had been bitten on the right foreleg. Patting the poor fellow, I succeeded in partially quieting his fears, and, leading him away from the snake, the sight of which appeared to cause all his terror, I finally reached a cottage by the road side, the proprietor of which, upon being informed of the accident invited me into his house, whilst he made the poor animal as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

Entering the cottage, I saw that everything was scrupulously clean, an appearance of neatness and thrift pervading the whole house and its surroundings. I had barely time to make these observations, when a woman entered from the adjoining room and bade me be seated. I turned to thank her, but I started back in astonishment when I saw her countenance. Words are inadequate to describe her as she appeared to me—such an utterly woe-begone, corpse-like face I hope never to see again; it was perfectly bloodless and of a leaden hue, the eyes being expressionless, while her hair and eyebrows were as white as the driven snow, although I did not judge her to be more than forty years of age.

Perceiving that my gaze gave her pain I apologized for my intrusion and accepted the seat she proffered me.

"My son-in-law informs me that your horse has met with an accident," said she in a quiet, subdued tone, as she seated herself in a chair opposite me.

"Yes, ma'am," replied I, "He was bitten by a snake."

I shall never forget the change that came over her in an instant: she sprang from her chair and frantically screamed whilst she shook my arm, "A snake, where?" Her face, which a moment before was so deathlike, now became fairly illuminated, and her eyes, hitherto so utterly void of expression, actually flashed fire as she excitedly reiterated, "Where! where!" The next moment she had rushed from the house and down the road in the direction from which I had come, wailing as she ran, "Oh the cruel, cruel snakes!"

To say that I was surprised and astonished at this extraordinary scene but faintly expresses the true state of my feelings, and I raked my brain in vain, seeking for a solution of the mystery. The young man who had taken charge of my horse, entering shortly after, I informed him of what had occurred and requested him to explain, which he did by relating the following story:

It is some eighteen years since Mr. John Atkinson, who was a railroad builder, had a contract for grading a division of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., lying between the towns of Brooklyn and Grinnell, and in order better to superintend the work, he determined to build himself a small house or shanty of only one room, intending to occupy it but temporarily. He chose a spot about equi-distant from both stations, and upon a large flat rock, which he said would answer admirably for a floor, he built his house.

The next day he moved some furniture into his new house, and fetching his young wife and infant daughter from Grinnell, where they were boarding, prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible in their limited quarters.

That night before retiring Mr. Atkinson fastened the door and only shutter that the shanty could boast, and, extinguishing the light, jumped into bed.

The young couple remained awake a longer time than was their custom, conversing upon their future prospects, when John Atkinson, who was in the midst of a new project for amassing wealth, was interrupted by his wife, Mary, whispering—

"Hush, John! Listen to the queer sound in the room."

John obeyed and heard plainly a peculiar, rasping, crawling noise on the stone floor, which sounded like nothing he had ever heard before.

"I wonder what it can be?" continued Mary.

"I don't know, but I'll get up and light the lamp and find out," replied John, cheerily.

He accordingly, throwing the bed clothes aside, sprang to the floor, when, with a scream of mortal agony he cried,

"Almighty God, Mary! Cover yourself and child with the blankets. The house is full of rattlesnakes, and I'm a dead man!"

The screams of the unfortunate man as reptile after reptile fastened its fangs in his quivering flesh, were terrible to hear, and the hissing and rattling of the horrible monsters as he vainly fought them from him, added intensity to the already heart-rending scene. Fortunately it did not last long and his last words as he sank to the floor were, "God bless you and the child, dear Mary, and in his name don't uncover your head—then the snakes can't harm you! Some of the men will release you to-morrow! Good bye! good bye!"

Imagine the thoughts of the poor wife compelled to listen to the agony of her loved one, helpless herself and unable to render him any assistance, and her child to save.

All that long night and next morning she lay, covered and half suffocated, afraid to move and quieting her child, whilst the scaly reptiles crawled over her and even coiled themselves to sleep on and around her warm body, protected from their deadly fangs only by the bed clothes; and, oh! horrible thought, if she should disarrange the covering and they should crawl beneath. Thus passed that night of horror to that poor woman.

In the morning the men who worked for Atkinson wondered at his prolonged absence, he being generally the first to make his appearance, until one of the party mentioned that in passing the new house late last night, on his way to town, he thought he heard screams proceeding from it, but when he got opposite and stopped to listen, he heard nothing and so concluded that he must have been mistaken.

This was enough to alarm the workmen, who all liked John Atkinson, and proceeding to the house they knocked at the door and were answered by a smothered voice, the only word of which they could understand being "snakes!"

Just then one of the men, who had been reconnoitering in the rear of the house, startled his comrades by exclaiming, "My God, boys, come here! This house is built on a rattlesnakes' den."

It was only too true: the reptiles were seen crawling in and out of a small hole under the rock and the truth at once flashed upon their minds.

It would be certain death to some of them if they dared to enter by the door or window. But at a suggestion from one of the party, some immediately scaled the low house and proceeded to tear the boards from the roof, whilst one or two others hastened in search of ropes. After having demolished the roof a sickening sight was discovered to their view. In the centre of the room lay the ghastly skeleton of John Atkinson, the serpents having literally eaten every particle of flesh from the bones while they swarmed in hundreds, writhing and darting hither and thither, hissing and striking at everything in their blind passion at being disturbed at their horrible feast.

The men having by this time arrived with the ropes, they succeeded, after many failures, in fastening the rope to each bed post and, while one of the men kept the snakes off the bed with a pole, hoisted the bed and its occupants bodily out of the room and lowered it to the ground.

When they uncovered poor Mary and the child they found that she had fainted. By this time several women had appeared on the scene and these took charge of her and the child, whom they conveyed to town.

The men in the meantime, having now no fear of the mother and child, battered down the shanty and secured the ghastly skeleton; after which they rolled a couple of kegs of powder, which they procured from the railroad under the rock, and lighting a prepared fuse, blew up the rock, snakes and all, into mince meat. The few snakes which survived the explosion they killed easily with rods. Mrs. Atkinson survived, but she was for many years a raving maniac, and her once beautiful hair, eyes and complexion had turned in that night of horror to what you now see. She has, however, become rational again, except when snakes are spoken of in her presence, and then she once more becomes insane and lives over that night in all its horrid details. These fits are becoming rare and less violent lately, and we have hopes that, ultimately, they will altogether cease.

Yes, sir! the child lived and is now my dear wife. You can see her coming up the road now, leading her mother, over whom she has a wonderful control when she is suffering from one of those attacks.

Your horse will be all right to-morrow; copperheads are not so poisonous at this time of the year as they will be later."
—*South Florida Journal.*

A CAT THAT WILL HATCH CHICKENS.—The auctioneer Bruce, says the Madison (Wis.) *Democrat*, reports most strange transactions of a favorite female cat in his possession. Some time ago she presented the homestead with a large litter of kittens, all of which the master of the place destroyed. The old feline mother became terribly distressed over the untimely and most unnatural taking off of her kind. She moped around for days and weeks and would not be comforted. At last she took to the company of the poultry of the place, and was ever moving about in the company of hens especially. When one of the latter would seek a nest for the purpose of laying the cat would be her companion and would nestle down by the side of the fowl. By and by the cat became a nuisance to the hens and also to the roosters. They did not want the feline intruder, and war was made upon her. Four or five game old chanticleers finally succeeded in completely exterminating the cat from the premises. But in a few days she turned up at a near neighbor's place—Widow Cary's; and here she had gained the good will of several old hens that were laying in the same nest. By and by the cat took possession of the nest and could not be coaxed away from it. Then the hen used to get close to the cat's side, lay an egg, and after departing the cat would get up and let the egg roll into the nest. Then she would lie down and carefully protect the nest and its contents. She will not be driven from her possession; and she evidently expects that ere long she will be the happy mother of a large family.

"THE HAUNTED HOUSE."

A Strange but True Story Related by Dan J. Garrity in Boston Pilot.

NARRATIVE 1.—BY MYSELF.

The time of my narrative dates back to the year 1870. The events occurred in the city of Springfield, Ohio.

Situated in the very centre of the city was a mansion, old and lonely in aspect, the property of a Mr. Foos. It had been for several years uninhabited, when strange reports began to circulate. Persons who passed there at midnight, and other uncanny hours, often saw strange lights and heard stranger sounds, until people believed that it was haunted.

At length two young men of the town resolved to see whether it was haunted or not, and thus put the fears and gossipings of the town's people to an end.

Accordingly they took up their quarters at the mansion. About eight o'clock they lit their candles, and made themselves comfortable to receive their ghostly visitors.

The clock struck nine, ten, eleven, and it was now nearly twelve o'clock, the time for ghosts to appear. The great clock in St. Raphael's church began to strike one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, *twelve*, and then—No sooner had the sonorous peals died away, than the candles were suddenly extinguished, and they were left in darkness. After a few minutes a bright, circular light became visible near one of the walls, and what a terrible spectacle was brought to view! A man was stretched from a tree with a rope around his neck, while a box lay at his feet within reach—he was a suicide.—His distorted features and glaring eyes were plainly visible, while his tongue, black and swollen, hung at least half a foot from his mouth! To complete the horrible picture, hundreds of demons were dancing around his contorted figure. Then followed a wild burst of laughter and the apparition vanished.

The young men had not expected this. While this strange scene was enacting they sat stupefied with fear, their hair actually standing on end.

At length their horrible spell was broken, and without even stopping to snatch their hats, they fled the house.—As they were fleeing along the street, they ran right into the arms of a tall, muscular man, who seeing their affrighted condition, tightened his grasp upon them, and asked them to explain their fright.

They told him all.

After they had finished their story, the detective (for it was no other than Detective John Burnside, of New York, who was visiting friends there) told them "to say nothing about it, but wait and hope," and he would discover the mystery if possible.

About two weeks after the detective returned home—so his friends thought.

In course of time the young men discovered that they could no longer keep the secret, and so they divulged it.

It raised a great excitement, of course, and the people of the city gave the place a wide berth.

The strange sounds and sights were continued, until the people believed without a doubt that the house was haunted.

We will pass over a year.

One morning a *posse* of police, headed by a tall man in plain clothes, approached the Foos mansion, unlocked the door, and passed in.

In a few minutes the sound of pistol-shots was heard, and then all was still. In a few minutes the *posse* emerged from the house, looking much larger. What could it mean?

And now, little Ants, my narrative is at an end, and Detective Burnside will finish the story.

NARRATIVE 2.—BY DETECTIVE BURNSIDE.

After I left the two young men, said Detective Burnside afterwards in telling the story, my mind was made up—I would discover the mystery.

Accordingly, the next evening, I proceeded to the mansion. It was a mere repetition of the story of the young men, as far as the apparition. As soon as the clock struck twelve my candle was blown out by a gust of wind, I know, caused by the slamming of doors. And what a terrible sight met my eye. I shudder now when I think of it, so terribly real it looked.

There in the same spot that the young men had described, I saw a young and beautiful girl on her knees. A form was bending over her, its hand clasped her long golden hair, while a keen, bloody knife was drawn across her fair, white throat, while torrents of crimson blood dripped down upon the floor.

I regained by self-possession enough to draw my pistol, aim, and fire. A wild laugh followed, and my bullet was heard crashing through the wainscoting.—The apparition vanished slowly, and happening to turn around—I discovered the mystery.

It was a gang of some sort. I was sure, and I was resolved to capture them. A few weeks after I joined the gang, by means known only to myself—a professional secret. There were counterfeiters, burglars, and everything else among them. I will not weary the reader with a description of the numerous burglaries they committed, or of the various ways in which they manufactured and "shoved" their 'queer' money."

After staying with them for about a year, I resolved to break up the gang, for I had now ample evidence to convict them.

Accordingly, I obtained the *posse* of police, and raided the house. After a slight resistance they were captured.

When they found out who their captor was they threatened me with vengeance dire, if they ever escaped; but they never did, for there was not one of them but had committed enough crimes to condemn them for life.

A few weeks after the gang were sent to prison I took opportunity to show some visitors the house, and explain the secret of the ghosts. In the room where the apparitions appeared I showed them a secret door, and behind it was an alcove. This was the place where the robbers had hidden themselves every night, and, when the curious came to see the ghosts, they frightened them away by means of a magic lantern. My tale is done.

DANIEL SCHEIRER, shoemaker, of Richmond township, Berks county, has in his possession a stone which he uses in his shop, which was found by his great-grandfather, Gottlieb Scheirer, on the banks of the Monocacy creek, while taking a load of wheat to Philadelphia nearly one hundred years ago. George Scheirer subsequently got possession of the stone, which was used by him for a number of years in the shoemaking business, until he retired, when the present owner got charge of it, and is using it at present in the pursuit of his avocation.

WHAT JEALOUSY DID.

A CHILD WITH THE BODY OF AN ADDER AND THE HISS OF A SERPENT.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, writing from Paw Paw, Ill., gives an account of one of the strangest freaks of nature ever recorded. He says:

About seven years ago a family removed from an eastern state to the township of Paw Paw, in this (DeKalb) county. From all appearances the family, consisting of the parents and two children, lived in harmony. They had not lived long in their new home when the husband's sister arrived from the east and took up her abode in their family. She was fair, and in some way formed the acquaintance of a young and zealous minister then feeding a flock of lambs in a neighboring city. Through her bewitching manner and surpassing loveliness of form and face he became apparently deeply enamored of her. It is alleged, however, that he deceived the girl and never intended matrimony. As a natural consequence his actions created great consternation among his flock, and especially embarrassed his victim of misplaced confidence. So great was the excitement that the reverend gentleman left for parts unknown. Though nothing transpired to show the guilt of the unfortunate girl, she was often goaded to madness by her sister with the constant accusation of disgracing the family. In revenge she went to her brother, who often sympathized with her, and made some false, startling and disgraceful revelations reflecting on the character of her sister (his wife) in connection with the polluted pulpiteer. Brooding over his misery, he went into the hayfield. He had not worked long, however, until he discovered a huge snake crawling in the grass. Prompted by a spirit of revenge the irate husband picked it up, secreted it in his pocket, and immediately went to the house. In the doorway he met his innocent wife, who was utterly unconscious of the great wrong that had been perpetrated upon her. Approaching her in his rage, he put his left arm around her neck and shoulders and with his right hand drew from his pocket the ever-accursed snake, which he abruptly thrust into the bosom of her dress. Frantic with terror, she disrobed as rapidly as possible, but not until the serpent had glided through all the recesses of the clothing next to her person. This event though momentary in its fulfillment was an evil, the sad effect of which brands an unfortunate creature during its existence. Time passed rapidly away, until childbirth revealed the ever to be regretted incident. In the meantime the innocent wife pleaded and clearly proved her innocence and wifely virtue. This allayed the anger of the husband, and again united the heads of the household. The above are well authenticated facts, while the *Times* reporter witnessed the following in person: On a back, out of the way road, that crossed an expanse of prairie, the *Times* correspondent discovered the house, consisting of apartments built after the manner of an upright and L, and standing at a considerable distance from the road. He stopped, and his knock at the door was responded to by an intelligent looking, middle-aged woman, who invited him to come in and sit down. Everybody about the house presented a neat and homelike appearance. When he made known the object of his visit he was led to a spacious room, where, in a basket about seven feet long and three feet wide and about two feet high, lay the animated specimen that combines in one body the human and the ophidian. After removing the woolen blankets that covered the form, it uttered a prolonged hiss similar to that of a snake. It is a male, nearly five years of age, and is five feet seven inches in length. Being unable to attain an upright position, he crawls about similar to reptiles. He is speechless, and makes no utterance except to hiss. The head is bald and spotted on the crown. The mouth contains fangs. He is carnivorous, breathes slow and can live a long time without food. The body is perfect in form, but spotted with black, while the arms and lower limbs are like the body of a snake, scaly, flexible and taper to points. This horrible sight only proves the truth of the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." All who have seen it pronounce it one of the greatest living curiosities.

HOW BURNED MOLASSES CANDY MADE ONE WOMAN RICH.—There is a stately dwelling-house in Philadelphia which has a singular history. It stands in a grove of walnut trees; the woodwork is all of walnut; carved panels representing walnut boughs decorate the dining-room; and on the carriage of the owner, instead of a coat of arms, is a bunch of walnuts just bursting from the husks.

The story is this: About forty years ago a poor woman kept a cent store in an alley, in the lower part of the city. One day, when making molasses candy to be sold to the street children, it was scorched. The woman was in despair. The loss was a serious one in a trade whose profits were counted by pennies. She was quick-witted, however, and ready with expedients. She cracked some walnuts, mixed the kernels with the candy, and wrote a placard, "The New Nut Candy, one cent a cake." The children dropped in on their way to school. The candies were liked. They came back for more next day. The fame of the cheap confection spread from one school to another. The maker shrewdly confined herself to that. Presently she took a larger shop in the alley. In a year or two she again moved, but this time it was into one of the principal streets.—To-day her original walnut candy is sent off to all parts of the country. The woman disposed of her business a few years ago for a sum which made her rich for life. Is it any wonder that she took a ripe walnut for her crest?

But it was not to the walnuts nor to the lucky chance that she owes her fortune. How many women have burned their candy, and the result was only scorched molasses! How many men saw apples fall before Sir Isaac Newton! It is the keen eye and the ready brain that can seize on failures and make them successes.

WHAT THE CAPTAIN TOLD HIS WIFE.—Milliner (to captain who has been buying a hat for his wife)—"Tell your wife if she wants it dressy, to put a panache of six feathers poised high on one side, with feathers curling forward; place a lizard or a beetle to hold it, and put another lizard on the band that covers the curtain. That's easy to remember."—The captain (to his wife)—"She said, if you wanted it dressed up, to put a pancake and sixteen poisoned fathers curled up forrid, clap on some lizards and beetles to bekay them with, and cover the lizard on the band with your curtains."

"TATER" GREEN.

HIS WONDERFUL TROTTING OX.

In March, 1859, "Tater" Green and five comrades left their homes in Northern Ohio, in the vicinity of Findlay, Hancock county, with the avowed intention of making their fortunes at Pike's peak or Cherry-creek diggings. Everything went all right with the party until they crossed the Arkansas, when a feeling of homesickness began to make itself felt among the emigrants. Men would become sick for a sight of civilization and break off with the party, causing a general divide. In this way they would sometimes cut wagons in two, and even, Green says, he once saw an ox cut in two. Green's partner was one of the disaffected, and, in deciding to pull up stakes, a division of property was made, he taking one ox and the front wheels of the wagon, Green taking the other ox and the hind wheels. Out of these he made a sulky in which he drove his ox. At Denver, disheartening reports began to meet him. Disgusted miners pushing for home met them every day. The tide turned, and threats of burning St. Louis were made. Indeed, a party was organized for that purpose, but never consummated it. Checked by the news that no gold was to be found in the Cherry creek diggings, "Tater" squatted on a 160 acre tract, upon which, by the way, Golden City now stands.

Denver, in the days of 1859, was probably as fast a place as any city on the continent. It was the point where civilization met the wilderness. The fortunes made in bonanza mining were spent here with an open hand. One day, as Green was driving his ox from his homestead into Denver, some fellows on horseback attempted to pass him. The ox, moved by the spirit which infested the place, probably, quickened its steps until it went off in a swinging trot, leaving the horses behind. This was the first intimation Green had that his bob-tailed ox (it was bob-tailed) could trot. The idea then presented itself to him that if he could only accustom the bovine to trotting a certain distance on a certain piece of ground he could out-trot any horse in the neighborhood. There was a gambler by the name of Randale, from Illinois, in Denver at this period, who owned a horse that could do his mile in 2:40. Randale was quite a chum of Green, and would occasionally drop into his quarters and blow his horse's trumpet. A day or two after Green's discovery of his ox's powers Randale dropped in on him and as usual began "talking horse." Watching his chance, Green remarked that he had an ox that could beat Randale's horse for 300 yards. Randale laughed at first, then got mad, and at last offered to bet ten to one that it could not be done. The bet was promptly taken, and they adjourned to the prepared place. The ox was backed up to a little hand-cart, half a yoke put around his neck, a couple of saplings served as shafts, and the whole rig was completed by a pair of ox-hide traces. Randale was to do the scoring and control his horse subject to the action of his bovine adversary, as Green knew very well it would never do to trifle with his steed. When everything was ready, away they went—Green, with his long black-snake, making things lively for the ox, and Randale swearing like a trooper at his 2:40 nag. Sure enough, at the end of 300 yards, the ox came in ahead. On the spot Randale bought half the ox for $500. The next day he was pitted against two horses, and the whole city turned out to see the remarkable phenomenon—a trotting ox. Again was he victorious, and, amid the wildest excitement, he passed the line six lengths ahead.

Every day thereafter he defeated a horse or two, and there soon became a popular demand for a share in the ox. Accordingly a stock company was formed with a joint stock of $6,400, being 64 shares of $100 each. The stock went like hot cakes, and sold away above par. In a week, during which he had won several more races, the stock was quoted on the gambling-tables, and passed for $1,000 a share. At last a horse sired in San Francisco came along, and a trial of speed was made up between him and the ox. If the crowd of spectators had been large before, it was gigantic on this day. It seemed as if the whole country turned out, and it was estimated that there were 10,000 people present. Everything being in readiness, away they went, heralded by a thousand voices. The ox took the lead from the start; at the 100-yard pole he was a length and a half ahead; at the 250 the distance had widened into five lengths, and the ox still gaining. But the old saying. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip," was never truer than in the present case, and when within a dozen yards of the winning post his oxship became tired and made up his mind to stop. Accordingly he planted his front feet and refused to budge. Moral suasion, profane abuse, physical ill-usage, all, separate or combined, failed to move him, and the horse quickly trotted past, and took the race, the ox never reaching the winning post at all. That minute the stock sank from $1,000 a share down to 1-64th of the value of the ox intrinsically as meat.

Many efforts were afterward made to coerce the bovine into a trot, but all entreatment and persuasion, gentle and otherwise, failed, and he never trotted again.

YOUNG GIRLS.—There is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age.—There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew-drop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this—when the rising glory of woman hood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser play-fellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal barges Unconsciousness (alas, how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—One cannot be your friend and flatterer, too.

The sanctity of the family lies at the very base of other sanctities.

Great wants proceed from great wealth and make riches almost equal to poverty.

That family is the best who obtain not unjustly, keep not unfaithfully, and spend in a way that produces no repentance.

GENERAL SLOCUM ON THE MURDER OF MRS. SURRATT.

General H. W. Slocum, one of the most distinguished brigade, division, corps, and grand division commanders of the war, recently delivered a lecture in Brooklyn on events of the great struggle, during the course of which he expressed the opinion, always held by the *Union*, that Mrs. Surratt was a murdered woman. He said:

"I am going to speak to you one word about the execution of Mrs. Surratt at the close of the war, for I think some good lessons can be learned from the story of her trial and death. I believe any people situated as we are ought to be cautioned against placing implicit confidence in evidence given in a time of high excitement. I could stand here to-night and relate to you fifty incidents that would serve to caution everybody against taking evidence against others when the people were all in a state of intense excitement. There never was a day, there never was an hour, that I did not believe that Mrs. Surratt was an innocent woman as there is in this hall. [Applause.] She was the keeper of a boarding house in Washington. She boarded Mr. Wilkes Booth and half a dozen other rebel sympathizers, and she had a son, John H. Surratt. Wilkes Booth was guilty of shooting Mr. Lincoln, and this poor woman was brought to trial in connection with Wilkes Booth, and through the excitement of the times her neck was brought to the halter. Her daughter, a young girl eighteen or nineteen years of age, on the morning of the execution went to the President's room and begged permission to say a few words to him in behalf of her mother, and a U. S. Senator from our own State, who acted as door tender, repulsed her saying, "No, no, you cannot go in." Worse than that, meaner than that, the poor girl three or four years afterward married a clerk in the Treasury Department. No charges were made against him, but because this clerk had married the daughter of Mrs. Surratt he was discharged. Let us brag of our achievements, but at the same time let us learn to look our faults and errors fairly and squarely in the face and acknowledge them when we have cause to."

The murder of Mrs. Surratt was the most cruel and cowardly act ever committed in a civilized country. It is a curious and suggestive fact that all who were chiefly responsible for the execution of that innocent woman have felt the unseen hand of the Great Avenger. Stanton, Secretary of War, who was perhaps the worst of the number, committed suicide in a fit of remorse, although the fact was sought to be concealed. Preston King, the Senator from New York, who reprised Annie Surratt at the President's door, in like manner ended his own life by deliberately jumping from a ferry boat into the North River at New York and drowned himself. Andrew Johnson, who signed the death warrant and despotically suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* that had been granted by the Court, was stricken suddenly with death upon his return to the Senate after he had left the Presidency. Judge Advocate Holt, who conducted the prosecution, long ago disappeared from public view, and whether dead or alive nobody knows and nobody cares. And John A. Bingham, who assisted Holt, was driven from Congress in disgrace as one of the Credit Mobilier bribe takers, and sought refuge in Japan, where we believe he now is.—*Rochester Union.*

FAME AWAITS HIM.—Many persons are evidently bound to fill exalted positions, the buds of genius showing themselves almost as soon as the chosen one is out of his nurse's arms. Many of our most eminent statesmen gave evidence in their youth of the possession of superior talents, which eventually placed them upon the very pinnacle of fame. A San Francisco street boy has a brilliant future before him, and if he is not one day ranked among the noble army of newspaper paragraphers, this deponent had utterly failed to read the signs aright. He came bounding into the house the other day, and approaching his mother, asked:

"Ma, will candy rot folks' teeth?"

"Yes, Willie, it will indeed, and I do not want you to eat any of that injurious stuff."

The embryo laugh builder was silent for a while, evidently rehearsing in his mind the continuance of the conversation, and getting his queries in a shape that would enable him to steer clear of all pitfalls. Finally he continued:

"Will it rot girls' teeth, too?"

"Certainly, my dear."

Another silence and more mental figuring, and then he asked:

"Ma, Rotterdam isn't a bad word, is it?"

"Oh, no, Willie, that is the name of a foreign city. You will find it in your geography."

"Well, you wouldn't lick a feller for talking about it, would you?"

"Most certainly not."

"Honest Injun, you wouldn't?" and his face bore an expression of deep earnestness.

"Of course not; why do you ask such questions?"

"Well, Mary Dawson is coming over here to tell on me. She had a whole two bits worth, of candy, and wouldn't give me a bite, so I told her to jist eat it herself and I hoped it would Rotterdam teeth out." He escaped chastisement, but the moral lesson read to him will serve as a guide-post through life.—*San Jose (Cal.) Herald.*

HOW FOUR PINS PRESERVED A MAN'S REASON.—In the show window of one of the leading jewelers of Vienna is exposed to view a brooch, magnificently studded with gems, in the middle of whose elaborate chasing is inclosed the most singular of centres—four common, old, bent and corroded pins. This brooch is the property of the Countess Lavetskoly. The pins have a history, of course. Seven years ago Count Albert Lavetskoly was arrested at Warsaw for an alleged insult to the Russian Government. The real author of the insult, which consisted of some careless words spoken at a social gathering, was his wife. He accepted the accusation, however, and was sent to prison. In one of the lightless dungeons in which the Czar is so fond of confining his Polish subjects, the unfortunate martyr for his wife's loose tongue spent six years. He had only one amusement. After he had been searched and thrown into a cell he had found in his coat four pins.

These he pulled out and threw on the floor, and then in the darkness he hunted for them. Having found them, perhaps only after hours and even days, he scattered them again. And so the game went on for six weary years. "But for them," he writes in his memoirs, "I would have gone mad. They provided me with a purpose. So long as I had them to search for I had something to do. When the decree for my liberation from exile was brought to me, the jailor found me on my knees hunting for one which had escaped me for four days. They saved my wife's husband from lunacy. My wife, therefore, could not desire a prouder ornament."

How to get along in the world—Walk.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 11, 1879.

WE are under very great obligations to Hon. A. H. Coffroth for numerous copies of the *Congressional Record*.

THE Philadelphia *Record* made its bow on Monday last in a new dress, which of course gives it quite an attractive appearance. It is edited with very great ability, and is always full of the latest news, both of this country and the old world. It is one of the marvels of journalism how so much and such varied reading as each number contains can be furnished for a *penny*. The fact that the daily circulation of the *Record* is nearly 50,000 copies, proves that its merits are properly appreciated.

THE Johnstown *Tribune*, in speaking of Gen. Chalmers, of Mississippi, one of the "Confederate rBigadiers" in Congress, says that there are 20,000 more negroes than whites in his district—the Sixth. The same paper contains an article from its namesake, the New York *Tribune*, in which it is claimed that the negro majority in the district is something over 10,000. Here is a slight difference of about 9,000 negroes, and we would like to know by which *Tribune* to swear. Is it not probable that the statements of both are very much like Falstaff's men in buckram?

THE afternoon session of the State Senate on yesterday week was devoted entirely to the consideration of the Judges' salary bill. It was a continuation of the old struggle over the compensation that should be allowed the Judges in Philadelphia and Allegheny counties. All efforts looking to a satisfactory adjustment of the question ended in failure, and on a test vote the bill was defeated, the yeas being 12 and the nays 25. This action of the Senate, we suppose, seals the fate of the bill for the present session and places the Legislature in the disgraceful attitude of failing at the end of five years from its adoption to carry out a plain mandate of the constitution.

THE Philadelphia *Times* of Friday last announced that cable dispatches had been received in that city on the day previous stating that the trial of the cause involving the unloosening of the fund of $4,000,000, now in the Bank of England and which is claimed by the Messrs. Collins, contractors of the Madeira and Mamore Railroad, in Brazil, had commenced before the Master of the Rolls in London, and that so far as it had progressed the Court was decidedly against the bondholders' pleadings, and in favor of the contractors. The Court would adjourn on Saturday last for the Easter holidays, until Tuesday the 22d, when the case would be resumed and pressed to a final decision.

IT was said on the floor of the Senate at Harrisburg last week, in a discussion of the report by a committee touching certain charges against the chief clerk of that body, that *two* bales in the Lieutenant Governor's private room at the capitol had cost $1,50, or $75 each: One Senator said it had been satisfactorily explained that $75 apiece had been paid for the chairs, and another Senator declared that they could not be purchased for less than $150, which simply shows that they ought not to have been purchased at all. The furnishing of the entire room cost the enormous sum of $800. This is economy with a vengeance, and perfectly on a par with the fabulous amounts paid, or said to have been paid, for other items of fixtures in both halls—$30,000 for mirrors for the curtains in the windows of the House, which have been stolen since the session of last year. Is there never to be an end of this shameless waste of the people's money?

REPUBLICAN editors continue to manifest unusual solicitude in reference to Samuel J. Tilden's health. They all unite in saying that he is badly paralyzed, but fail to state in what part of his body, and some of them intimate that it has become absolutely necessary to feed him with a spoon. All this looks as if the "wretched man" would soon "pass in his checks," and that the Democrats will either have to nominate Bayard of Delaware, as their candidate for President next year, or else "go west" in search of a leader and perhaps fare worse. It appears, however, that ex-Governor Curtin, when he was in New York two weeks ago, called upon Gov. Tilden, and after a brief conversation the latter proposed a walk. Gov. Curtin says they started up Broadway, and before they returned Tilden had covered over six miles—that he was as fresh when he got back as when he started, and looked as though he could repeat the experiment. It is a great disappointment that Mr. Tilden will not consent to be paralyzed for the accommodation of Republican editors, who are just now taking such a deep interest in his physical as well as in his political welfare.

A SPECIAL DISPATCH from Ottawa, Canada, to the New York *World* discusses of the rumors regarding Sitting Bull's contemplated raid over the border into Montana. It states that Mr. Bull is encamped on White Mud river, near the boundary line—that about Christmas he sent messengers to the Crow Indians, on the American side, asking them to agree to join him in the Spring in an expedition against the United States troops—that the Crows rejected his overtures and threatened him with violence if he attempted to cross the line—that he says he wants "to get every man whose skin is red to fight the Americans, and that there is no American *who wears trowsers that is not a coward.*" The dispatch says that the leading men among Sitting Bull's tribe are opposed to his warlike projects, and will not countenance them. All this, and much more, comes through Major Irvine, in charge of the police force in Sitting Bull's vicinity, who has frequent "talks" with him, White Bird and other leading chieftains. Major Irvine expresses the opinion that Sitting Bull's talk about an Indian confederacy to wage war against the Americans is all for show, and cannot be realized.

A VOTE was reached in the House on yesterday week on Mr. Long's amendment to the Pittsburg riot bill, and it was defeated by yeas 92, nays 103. The amendment designated Galusha A. Grow, Charles R. Buckalew, Wm. H. Palmer, the Attorney General of the Commonwealth, and two disinterested citizens of the State, to be appointed by the Governor, as commissioners to ascertain what injury, damages, or losses were sustained by the owners of property, etc.; provided that no money shall be paid from the treasury under the act until the Supreme Court of the State shall have decided the same to be constitutional; and it also reduced the appropriation from *four* millions to *three* millions of dollars. The further consideration of the bill was then postponed until Tuesday last. The defeat of this amendment is not by any means conclusive as to the ultimate fate of the bill, as the friends of the measure attribute their failure to bad faith on the part of the members from the counties bordering on the Maryland line, who have a small claim of their own of only *two millions and a half of dollars*, for damages resulting from the invasion of the State by the rebel army in 1863, the understanding being that they were to vote for the riot bill, in return for which the friends of that measure were to assist in putting through the border counties' claim bill. This is the old log-rolling system of legislation, or "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." It is believed that the operations of a corrupt lobby had much to do in drawing away from the bill many who were honestly in favor of its passage. The Pittsburghers deny that they employed a lobby, but if it was true, as alleged, that Sam. Josephs and men of his kidney were actively engaged in engineering the bill, they were working for pay either in hand or in prospective. Josephs is as unerring in scenting a money bill as buzzards are in flocking to a carrion.

P. S. The bill was again under consideration in the House on Wednesday last, and on a motion being made to postpone it *indefinitely*, the yeas were 103, and nays 86. This kills the bill for the session, unless a motion is made and carried to reconsider the vote.

IN as much as Jefferson Davis and his dead and buried confederacy are the prolific subjects of fierce invective by Republican orators in Congress, it has been appropriately suggested by some editor of a Democratic newspaper, whose local habitation and name we have forgotten, that a gum elastic image of Davis, full size, be placed at the entrance to the Senate chamber, and also at the entrance to the hall of the House, so that each Republican member who feels inclined in that way may relieve himself of his surplus loyalty, by administering to the dumb counterpart of the "unhung traitor" a vigorous and well directed kick before he enters the halls of legislation. It is true that the kick of a double distilled loyal Congressman would not hurt the gum corpus of Davis a bit more than a bloody-shirt speech from the same source, but it would be infinitely more satisfactory and refreshing to the man who kicks than to the man who speaks. Take Zach Chandler, for instance, who is a stout, burly specimen of humanity. If he could stand off in the rear of a plastic cast of the Cassius-like—lean and lank—rebel chief, and concentrate all his strength in the toe of a heavy boot as he applies it to the unsuspecting Jeff, he would breathe freer and deeper, and would feel as happy as he formerly did after having made one of his furious assaults upon the hated British lion, to the mixed terror and amusement of the Senate. Give the Michigan statesman a chance to display his patriotic hatred of a rebel who was not any more guilty of treason to his country than Longstreet, Moseby, or Key, all of whom now hold office under Mr. Hayes, by and with the advice and consent of a Republican Senate.

THE present Legislature met on Tuesday, the 7th of January, and the hundred days contemplated by the framers of the new constitution as the limit of an ordinary session will expire on next Wednesday, the 16th inst. And yet the Harrisburg *Patriot* of Monday last alleges that upwards of 250 bills are still on the House calendar, and that week after week is frittered away without any serious effort to dispose of them. Of these 250 bills, as the *Patriot* correctly remarks, a few are important and require careful consideration, but as for the rest they are mere "feather and pruncila." With this large amount of unfinished work on the files the members continue to offer new bills without regard to their number, knowing perfectly well that after they have been considered in committee, reported back, and printed, they stand no possible chance of passing the House, and even if they did they would never see light in the Senate. The conclusion is irresistible, that all this waste of time at this advanced stage of the session foreshadows its extension to the utmost *paying* limit, or 150 days, which will be Thursday, the 5th of June. The ten dollars per day will then cease, and after that the members will not stand on the order of their final departure, but will quit their legislative ranches at once. We have maintained on two or three occasions that the only remedy for the evil of long sessions is by changing the salary to a specific amount, without regard to the length of the session, and cutting off all perquisites. The present House has refused to do so, and by the time it adjourns will be as obnoxious to the people as its predecessor of last year.

THE Philadelphia *Times* tells the unadulterated truth when it says there are few of any party in Pennsylvania who would not be glad to hear of "Uncle Jake Ziegler" receiving the Legislative Clerkship of the Senate, with which his name has recently been associated. The Senate couldn't get a better or more agreeable officer, and the honor couldn't be conferred upon a more worthy man.

THE bill which had previously passed the House, granting pensions to the survivors of the Mexican war, passed the Senate on Wednesday last and will be sent to the Governor. There is a strong impression at Harrisburg that he will return the bill with his veto.

AFTER a debate running through nine days, the army appropriation bill passed the House of Representatives on Saturday last, by a vote of 148 yeas to 122 nays, eleven Greenback members voting with the Democrats, and three with the Republicans. Our readers will remember that the amendment to the bill which gave rise to so protracted a discussion, simply strikes from the Act of 1865 the following seven words, "*or to keep peace at the polls*," and means that the Democratic party is resolved at all hazard to prevent any interference whatever by the military power with elections by the people. It is true that under the administration of Mr. Hayes the troops have not been used to overawe or control the elections, nor is there any well grounded fear that he would permit them to be used for any such illegal purpose. But no man can tell what might happen in the future, if the country should unfortunately have another President like Grant, whose constant practice was to govern by military force and to treat all civil authority with supreme contempt.

The Democratic party believes that each State is competent to protect its own voters in the full exercise of all their rights, and to keep peace at the polls, without any aid or assistance from the army of the United States, and to vindicate Democratic faith in that belief the amendment referred to was attached to the appropriation bill. This proceeding was denounced by the Republicans as revolutionary, but their own record was read to them by Democratic speakers, showing that time and again they had forced the very same kind of legislation through both houses of Congress.

They showed, as a special instance, that in 1867, when Mr. Hayes himself was in Congress, the Republican leaders put an amendment on an appropriation bill, which absolutely stripped the then President (Andrew Johnston) of his legal rights as commander-in-chief of the army. This was done just at the close of the session, and Mr. Johnson signed the bill under a vigorous and well written protest.

The debate on the bill in the Senate will occupy at least on week, and it will then be passed and sent to Mr. Hayes for his approval, or his veto.

The House is now engaged in considering the civil and legislative appropriation bill, with its amendments prohibiting the appointment of deputy marshals, and restricting the powers of supervisors of elections.

WAS IT FIRE FROM THE HEAVENS?—During the thunder storm of Saturday night a singular electrical discharge occurred in Patterson, New Jersey, setting a boy on fire and burning him badly.—The boy, Edward Brain, who is fifteen years old, with a boy named Robert Durue, was crossing a vacant lot at Pearl street, to make a short cut to Mechanic street. Brain had his left hand, in which was clasped a silver quarter-dollar, resting against his breast and was trudging along with his head down.

At about the middle of the lot, Duroc, who was looking upwards, was startled by seeing what appeared to be a small ball of fire shooting from the sky towards his companion and himself. Almost immediately the mass struck Brain in the breast, and in a moment he was in flames. The boys, who were too much frightened to put out the flames, ran to a grocery store in Mechanic street, and the keeper of the store stripped Brain and smothered the fire.

The side of his body and his hand were found to be badly burned and blistered, and the end of his left thumb was burned off. The coin, which he had not dropped, was partly melted. The boy said that he did not see the ball of fire, but heard a hissing noise and a dull thud, which stunned him for a few seconds. There was no sensation as if he had been struck with a stone or any other solid substance. His coat was almost entirely destroyed. A physician who examined him said his injuries, although painful, were not dangerous.

It was taken for granted that the ball of fire was a meteorite; that it grazed the boy's side, and then fell to the ground. On this supposition the ground was thoroughly searched, but no traces were found of any meteorite, nor were there any marks on the ground as if any solid mass had fallen. The ground was wet and soft, but there were no indications that a meteorite had buried itself in the earth.

THE Chicago *Tribune* publishes a letter a column long from a howling idiot moved to howl because of his fear that the Democrats may assassinate Mr. Hayes and the Vice-President—Wheeler, we think, his name is—so as to obtain power. There is no fear of this. The Dengocrats can afford to wait for twenty-three months, especially as they hold possession of both branches of Congress. But there is grave reason to fear that if next year the Radical leaders find the Northern heart hard to fire they may consider it necessary to offer up the President and Vice-President upon the altar of their party and arraign the Democratic nominees as the instigators of the assassins. In this manner they would get rid of two men not at all popular with the party and obtain a new pretext for demanding a strong government and reconstruction of the South.—Such evidence as might be required to authorize a Republican jury to convict could easily be supplied by the now unemployed survivors of the Whisky Ring. Let Mr. Hayes suffer no stalwart Senator to approach him until he is convinced that the visitor bears neither the dagger of Ehud nor the pistol of Bellingham.—Let Mr. Wheeler soak his express parcels and drop his letters out of fourth-story windows ere opening them, lest haply they contain infernal machines.—There is no reason why the stalwarts should shrink from killing Mr. Hayes; only a little while ago they were prepared to destroy the Union if it stood in their way.—*N. Y. World.*

FIVE YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY FOR GETTING MARRIED.—Among the recent arrivals at the State Penitentiary at Richmond, Va., are a bridal couple whose crime consists in getting married and for which they have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The bridegroom is quite a respectable colored man, named Edward Kinney, aged about forty years, and the bride a white woman, named Mary Hall, aged in the neighborhood of thirty-five years. Kinney owns a farm in Hanover county and was considered well-to-do. He had been living with the woman Mary Hall for a considerable period, and in October last they went to Washington and were there united in the bonds of matrimony under and according to existing laws of the District of Columbia. They came back man and wife to Kinney's home in Hanover county, believing that they had conformed to all the requirements of the law, and were happy. This was a sad mistake, however, for they were soon afterwards indicted by the Grand Jury of Hanover county and tried for violation of the State law forbidding the intermarriage of persons of different races. They were found guilty and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, as above stated.

Astounding Statistics about Kansas.

The Golden Wheat Belt of the Kansas Pacific Railway shows 29 per cent. of the entire increase in population for four years from 1874 to March 1, 1878, and 43 per cent. of the increased acreage of spring and winter wheat in the entire State.

The immigration into the counties in the Golden Belt Wheat region along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway is 43 per cent. of the entire immigration into Kansas the past year.

The population of Kansas in 1874 was 530,367. The census of March 1, 1878, shows a population of 708,497—an increase of 178,134. In 1874 the population of twenty counties west of and including Pottawatomie, all lying along the Kansas Pacific Railway, in the "Golden Belt" wheat region, 74,364. On March 1, 1878, it had increased to 125,880, showing an increase in the above counties of 51,516, or 29 per cent. of the entire increase of the State, and during the year just passed the increase of population in the counties contiguous to the Kansas Pacific Railway was more than 40 per cent. of the entire increase in the State. These figures show conclusively in what high estimation the Kansas Pacific lands are held by settlers. For the fiscal year ending June, 1878, 2,068,179 acres of government land were pre-empted in Kansas. In Nebraska for the same period, 620,675 acres. The increased acreage of winter and spring wheat in 1878 over 1877, was 679,331, and of this vast amount the counties along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway show an increase of 294,023 acres, or more than 43 per cent. of the whole increase in the entire State.

Kansas raised 32,315,361 bushels of wheat in 1878, of which enormous yield the lands of the Kansas Pacific railway produced more than 13,335,324 bushels, or over 45 per cent. of the entire yield of the whole State.

The following table, prepared from the record of the Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, shows the relative rank as a wheat-producing State maintained by Kansas each year since 1866:

1866, Twenty-fourth;	1872, Twenty-first;
1867, Nineteenth;	1873, Sixteenth;
1868, Nineteenth;	1874, Twelfth;
1869, Seventeenth;	1875, Eleventh;
1870, Nineteenth;	1876, Eighth;
1871, Sixteenth;	1877, Eleventh;
	1878, First.

Kansas produced last year 26,518,958 bushels of winter wheat and 5,796,403 bushels of spring wheat—making a total product of 32,315,361 bushels. Of this large amount, the counties lying in the Great Golden Wheat Belt of the Kansas Pacific Railway, exclusive of Trego, Graham, Gove, Sheridan, and other unorganized counties, produced 13,335,324 bushels, or over 41 per cent. of the entire yield, and including non-reporting counties, about 45 per cent. of the entire yield of the State.

MASSACHUSETTS WIDOWS MARRYING TRAMPS.—A Westfield letter to the Springfield *Republican* says:

Within a few months and in a radius of nine miles from here I can call to mind three or four widows, comfortably well off, who have married chaps that came tramping along. A while ago you noticed the case of the Southwick woman who committed this folly, and whose husband is now in jail for abusing and threatening the lives of his wife and mother-in-law. His favorite form of amusement was to place the "women folks" in a chairs side by side, and, after poking a loaded gun into their faces, to fire it off at a target just above their heads. Five weeks ago a respectable and well-connected woman in this town, whose husband died less than two years ago, leaving her a nice little home and some $2,000 in cash, "got struck" on a young tramp who came to her door, and though twenty years his senior, she married him. Since then her house has been a rendezvous for about all the tramps who come along, and apparently the good news is being widely spread among the fraternity. A few days ago the woman appeared with a badly bruised face and damaged eyes, and her friends had her tramp husband arrested for the assault. The affair is a most ludicrous affair, for while the wife admitted that "Johnnie" not only was the cause of her present disfigurement, but had soundly thrashed her at least twice a week during their brief honeymoon, she declared she loved him dearly, and that he only whipped her when he was drunk because she wouldn't at first asking give him money or buy him a horse and carriage. The man said he didn't think he had thrashed his wife above once a week and that he too loved her dearly.—Upon this followed a very dramatic scene, the woman rushing into his arms and mingling her tears and kisses in his ditto, and both fairly fell on their knees before Judge Lewis to beg his mercy. Judge Lewis told them: "I want no such nonsense here," and fined the man $5.85, which the woman paid, and a few minutes later they were seen lovingly riding towards their peaceful home.

THROAT PARASITES.—The Elmira (N. Y.) *Advertiser* gives a strange account of a little girl afflicted with the diphtheria. In looking into the child's throat, the mother saw a micrococcus moving, which she removed, together with another, which are now on exhibition in a city drug store, and being discussed by the medical fraternity. They are easily seen by the naked eye, though a glass helps one to the "true inwardness" of the critters. The largest one is fully one-quarter of an inch long, covered with hair, with a head something like a caterpillar, tapering body and long, hairy tail. Its body is formed in rings; its color is about that of one of those dark yellow "thousand legged" worms found under old boards and stones. The smaller one is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, being whitish in color and requiring the glass to bring out its "beauty" of conformation. It is not a pleasant thought to imagine such things in your throat, but they get there and from there into the blood, heart and other organs, producing paralysis and sudden death when least expected. They are vegetable parasites and exist in large colonies in the diptheric membrane.—Dr. J. M. Flood is considerably interested in the mammoth bacteria that have come under his observation, which greatly exceed in size anything he ever saw.

DEATH OF MADAME BONAPARTE.—Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte died Friday afternoon at a little past 1 o'clock. Madame Bonaparte, then Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the belle of Baltimore, married about the year 1803, when eighteen year sof age, Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, then first consul of France. For about a year and a half the pair were very happy, but Napoleon, with the selfishness that characterized him, claimed to have greater prospects for Jerome and refused to recognize the marriage. Jerome Bonaparte pleaded with his iron-hearted brother, but to no purpose, and finally, like a poltroon, deserted his wife, who was then in England, not being permitted to set foot on French soil, with a babe born soon after she landed. Jerome Bonaparte was made king of Westphalia and was married to a German princess, that his brother's waning power might be strengthened. The abandoned wife returned to Baltimore, frequently visiting Europe, however, with her son, it being the aim of her life to have the boy legitimately recognized by the French empire, and she finally succeeded.

—One good word is spoken for Buford, the Kentucky assassin. When ex-President Andrew Johnson went to Lexington in 1861 he found the famous raider, John Morgan, there and the town swarming with Southern sympathizers. Johnson was put forward by a few Unionists to make a speech, but the crowd jostled and pushed him and swore that he should not open his lips. Buford shoved his way to the front of the stand and, brandishing a revolver, declared that he would kill the first man who dared to interrupt the champion of Northern rights. And Johnson poured out Union eloquence for an hour.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The new Cathedral in New York is to be opened and dedicated on Sunday, May 25.

—Oakland, Cal., is getting up a regiment which shall escort Grant from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

—Advices from Wichita, Kansas, says the Cheyennes have broken from their camp and are on the war path.

—The U. S. steamer Plymouth, with yellow fever on board, was ordered into quarantine at Portsmouth, N. H., on Saturday.

—An Ohio cow last week broke a man's neck by a kick. A mule that witnessed the casualty went behind the barn and wept.

—Father Eagan, a well known Catholic priest, died suddenly of heart disease, Thursday morning, at Minersville, Schuylkill county.

—Fifty thousand tons of ice were put up last winter and will be put down next summer in Reading alone; and this is not an ice-olated case either.

—Paul Massengale is a blind Georgian, from Warren county, who is said to be a genuine Blind Tom. He will take the road with the fiddle and the flute shortly.

—At Walkertown, Ont., on Tuesday morning, a little boy named Hudson, while shooting marbles from a gun, accidentally shot and killed a little girl, named Keans.

—A man named Bitters has been arrested at Easton for an indecent assault upon a little girl of eleven years. The child's mother stood by while the outrage was perpetrated.

—Two masked and armed men entered Joshua Brockhart's house, at High Grove, Nelson county, Kentucky, on Friday night, bound the inmates and stole $550 in specie and $1,600 in notes. There is no clue.

—A colored youth, named Alexander Benn, amused himself in Jackson's factory at Petersburg, Va., on Saturday morning, hammering on an old 32-pound shell, a relic of the war. The shell exploded, blowing Benn all to pieces.

—Davis city, Iowa, having been disturbed by the violence and crimes of a gang of roughs, led by two men named Tucker and Tarter, the citizens banded together a few days ago and seized and hanged Tucker and placed Tarter in jail.

—A weekly journal called *Around the World* will be printed by the Woodruff Scientific Expedition on board their vessel, the Werder. A hand press is being constructed for the ship and "blow winds, come rock," the paper, it is said, will always appear on time.

—A skiff containing three boys, named Daniel Smith, George Kelley and Charles McMillan, was upset by the waves of a towboat at Wellsville, O., Friday afternoon, and all three were drowned. The bodies had not yet been recovered at latest accounts.

—The schooner Mary A. DeKnight, of New Jersey, was capsized in the Chesapeake Bay on Thursday, and the captain, Howard Hagar, and crew, consisting of Sandford Robbins and Samuel Bass, of New Jersey, and John Johnson of Wilmington, Del., were drowned.

—The Marquis of Ripon, who was in this country for some months as chief of the English Commissioners on the Alabama claims, and who subsequently became a Roman Catholic, states that he is indebted for his conversion to the writings of Doctor (now Cardinal) Newman.

—Matthew Chrismore, a well-known sporting man, was found murdered in his bed at Greenville, Miss., Thursday morning. His head had been crushed by an iron bolt, his throat cut and the body ripped open its entire length.—Suspicion points to an associate, who is now in jail.

—The Titusville *Herald* says that Mr. J. F. Immel, living near that place, has sent a lumber raft down the river containing 700,000 feet of boards. It is expected that the raft, which is 600 feet long and 68 feet wide, will be a month or more reaching Cincinnati, the place of its destination.

—A fire in St. Louis on Friday night destroyed property to the value of between four and five hundred thousand dollars. Billy Rentz was crushed to death by falling walls, and George W. Farrant was taken from the ruins with his arms and legs burned off and his face frightfully mashed.

—Mrs. Willis, an aged lady of Cumberland county, Ky., died recently and left $1,000 to the editor of the Glasgow (Ky.) *Times* in token of the comfort she had found in reading his paper in her sorrow. Every Western editor will now begin to print columns of comfort for aged and rich women.

—About 6 o'clock Monday morning, Dennis Hickey murdered his wife, Catharine Hickey, at the City Hotel, Warren, Ohio, by cutting her throat with a butcher-knife. Hickey was arrested.—He will not give the motive that prompted him to commit this crime. Their home is at Kent, Ohio.

—The decision of two-thirds of the pitmen at Durham, England, to strike against a reduction of wages, will have the effect of stopping nearly ninety pits, throwing idle 25,000 hewers, as several large concerns will be brought to a stand still in course of a week unless the owners or pitmen give way.

—An Ohio farmer was lately annoyed by the inroads of sheep upon his grain field, and raised the height of his fence. A rata was the only one of the flock that could then leap it, but he enabled his companions to do so by placing himself alongside and offering his back for them to jump on before clearing it.

—The champion snake-killer of Pennsylvania is said to be Mr. Sam. Haslet, of Tionesta, Forest county, who in a recent encounter killed seventy-five, making nearly fifteen hundred that he has gotten away with in an existence of thirty years. The Venango *Spectator* recommends Mr. Haslet as the champion.

—William Dawson is the name of a poor Quaker shoemaker in Spiceland, Ind., who is an excellent astronomer, has made his own telescope, constructed his own observatory, and for twenty years has furnished the Smithsonian Institute and the Meteorological Bureau with valuable statistics and observations.

—At a church in Portland a gentleman who was sleeping in the choir gallery, on a tilted chair, was suddenly shot through a panel in the organ casing and landed on the top of the big bellows. There he remained quiet for half an hour until the sermon was ended, without once daring to move, on account of the noise which the bellows would have created.

—Miss Carrie Bugne, in company with her father, is on her way from Tucson, Arizona, to Kansas, 1,100 miles away.—They ride on wild mustangs and are already some 700 miles from the starting point. Miss Carrie is described as a young, pretty woman, who can flirt with her bright eyes or shoot a buffalo with equal facility. Both the travelers are heavily armed.

—The Harrisburg *Telegraph* says that recently a strange disease of the eye has broken out among the children in the upper part of that city. It has the symptoms of catarrh, is contagious, quite painful, but not dangerous. In its first stages the eye becomes bloodshot and swells almost shut, the pain being intense. The disease lasts generally about four days and is followed by no serious results.

—A terrible double tragedy occurred at Gifford, Iowa, on Monday. John Bell, station agent, 19 years of age, deliberately shot Miss Robbins, his lady friend, through the heart twice. He then telegraphed to the railroad officials to send another operator up, as he was going to kill himself. Shortly after he fired two shots into his abdomen and died soon after. The girl was a most estimable daughter of a prominent merchant. No cause is assigned.

—The Bradford *Era* says that a man named Kneeland Coy, living at Harrisburg, near Bradford, came home about ten days ago intoxicated, and kicked his wife so violently that she has since died. The woman was in a delicate condition at the time, and the child was killed by one of the kicks. Coy has been arrested.

—The parents of General Mite and Miss Lucia Zarate, the midgets on exhibition in Masonic Temple, New York City, have come to an agreement as regards the marriage settlements of their children, and it is expected that the wedding will take place soon. The bride's dower will probably weigh more than bride and groom together, and will not be in trade-dollars.

—James W. Akers, 45 years old, and colored, has become a hermit at New Bedford, Mass. He has constructed a room under-ground, into which nobody ever gains access, he meeting all callers outside. Above the underground apartment rises a low, shed-like structure, built of rough boards, and to this he is constantly adding, as his means afford, various small wings. He is a quiet, inoffensive man, of industrious habits, and subsists by doing odd jobs.

—Several large sums have been contributed towards liquidating Archbishop Purcell's debt. In the current number of the *Catholic Telegraph*, the organ in Cincinnati, "An Eminent Bishop" suggests that there be opened a list of persons who will contribute $1,000 each, in yearly instalments, the idea being that there are three thousand among the six million Catholics in the country ready to send in their names. The *Telegraph* will open such a list this week.

—In Warren county a clever rascal has been playing a new dodge on the farmers. He pays each farmer a dollar for chickens, writing a receipt with a lead pencil, the point of which would invariably break off just before reaching the signature. Then he would produce a fountain pen from his pocket and have the farmer sign in ink. Soon after he erases all the pencil writing, and writes promissory notes for $100 and 150, and sold $900 of such notes to a bank.

—W. C. Martin, a Philadelphia real-estate agent, was found in his office Saturday stretched back in a chair, with his feet propped up on a desk, unconscious, and with a severe wound on his left temple, severing the artery, as well as a cut on the back of the head. A tin box in the desk had been robbed of $1,000, but the diamond rings on his fingers and his watch and chain were not disturbed.—The doors leading to the office were found locked and the keys taken away.

—Near Chapman's Station, Lehigh county, lives a family by the name of Eisenhard. They have fourteen children, all living, ten of whom are girls.—Their names are as follows: Emma Angelina Adlet, Lovinia Serena Cornelia, Alice Ellen Amanda, Torvillina Susanna Corilla, Francina Tehara Ceneillia, Perlinia Sybilla Agnes, Christianna Effibula Eliza, Annie Olivia Virginia, Ida Cora Jorine and Mary Anna Alecia.—There, is, after all, considerable in a name.

—Mrs. Rose M'Cusker, an aged widow occupying with her son the second floor of a dwelling in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was found Sunday morning suspended on the iron railing in front of the house. The sharp spikes had entered her abdomen and she died as the officers were removing her from her terrible position. She suffered greatly from cramps in her legs, and it is supposed that while walking around the floor during the night to gain relief, she was attracted to the window and fell out.

—Shortly after 12 o'clock Friday night Harry Watt, a cigar maker of Leavenworth, Kansas, and his wife's sister, Louisa Filter, took prussic acid and died within a few moments of each other. Watt was comparatively young, but had been married several years and had children, and his domestic life always seemed perfectly pleasant. Miss Filter was twenty-one years old, and had lived with the family for several years past. A coroner's investigation revealed that improper relations probably existed between them.

—At Madison, Indiana, John Appel, a young German bar-keeper, is now engaged in the extraordinary effort of trying to drink 1,000 big glasses of beer in 1,000 consecutive hours. He commenced on Tuesday of last week, and has drank his glasses every hour since with an apparent relish. It will require nearly eight kegs of beer, and will take until the 13th of May next to complete his self-imposed task. Three men have been selected as watchers, and the effort to perform such a feat is already causing considerable talk in that locality.

—At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon Catharine Dunsback, a maiden lady, fifty years of age, residing on the Dunsback road, three miles west of Cohoes, N. Y., was found with her throat ent from ear to ear. The motives of the murder were outrage and robbery, the sum of four dollars being secured by the villain. A tramp who called that morning, ostensibly to procure work, and subsequently was seen to approach the residence after the departure of Jacob Dunsback, father of the victim and the only man on the farm, is suspected of being the perpetrator of the deed.—Coroner Eccles assumed charge of the case and is having the country secured in search of the murderer.

—Murder in the first degree was the verdict rendered Friday night in the case of Frank Small, charged with shooting C. R. Jacoby, in Pittsburgh, on the night of January 15. Jacoby's wife and Small, an old lover, were enjoying themselves in a saloon on that night, and Jacoby found them. The two men fought, were separated, and Jacoby and wife started home. Small followed, and on a street corner shot Jacoby in the left side. Death resulted in a few hours. Mrs. Jacoby, some years ago, had a big reputation in that city as the female sculler. Small is a professional thief, and had been released from the penitentiary on the day preceding the murder. Jacoby was an iron worker, who made as high as ten dollars a day.

—Mr. Joseph Stutzer, a Catholic, of Pittsburgh, and Rev. A. Burkle, pastor of the Lutheran church of Woodville, Sandusky county, Ohio, are making arrangements to plant the former a Catholic, and the latter a Lutheran colony in Arkansas. The Catholics are settling down in the Arkansas Valley, and the Lutherans have bought about 12,000 acres in another part of the State. Some of the Lutheran families are already on the ground. They will be in the centre of a new county, whose name is to be Prairie county, and are to lay the foundation of the county seat in the midst of their colony and community. The Memphis and Little Rock Railroad is to extend a road right through their lands to Texas. After Easter, pastor Burkle will run an excursion train to this place. Many have signified their willingness to go and "view the landscape o'er."

—A strange story comes from San Francisco. A late president of the stock board of that city has made statement before the Bullion Club that certain owners of the Comstock lode have for years been cognizant of large bodies of ore in those mines, which have been used only for speculative purposes. They are discovered, their existence is revealed only to a few, prices of stocks are borne down, timid stockholders are frozen out. Then suddenly a rich deposit is revealed, stocks go up with a rush and the few who are in the secret realize hundreds of thousands by the operation. The gentleman referred to avers that he has personal knowledge of one of these rich deposits, which is at least one hundred feet in width. With such facilities for coining money it would not be surprising were the Rothschilds to become beggars compared with these lords of money mines on the Pacific slope.

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH
OF THE
GRAND DEPOT

WILL BE SEEN THE MOMENT VISITORS STEP INTO THE TWO ACRES OF DRY GOODS. ON ALL HANDS IT IS ADMITTED THAT THIS IS THE BEST SHOPPING PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES. WHAT MAKES MR. WANAMAKER'S STORE SO POPULAR IS

1st—That Everybody is Obliging.
2d—No One is Pressed to Buy.
3d—The Stock is so Fresh and New.
4th—The Stock is the Largest in the City.
5th—The Prices are fixed and the Lowest.
6th—Exchanges are Made or Money Returned.

Save this List of Dress Goods—you will be amazed at the Largeness and Goodness of the Dress Goods Stock—and kindly come to the counters and Examine the Goods. Send Samples and speak to your friends of the wonderful variety and real cheapness of the new things for Spring.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Dress Goods at the Grand Depot.

For a very small outlay a pretty suit can be made for Spring from the following:

Fancy Striped Suitings..... 6½c.
Fancy Mixed Suitings..... 7c.
Twilled Striped Suitings..... 8c.
Beige Poplins..... 10c.
Wash Poplins..... 10c.
Florentine Checks..... 12½c.
Half-Wool Cashmeres..... 12½c.
Hair Line Plaids..... 12½c.
Black Bunting..... 12½c.
Striped Mohairs..... 15c.
Camel's Hair Stripes..... 15c.
Oxford Suitings..... 18c.
English Striped Suitings..... 18c.
Mohair Suitings..... 18c.
Gray Twilled Beige..... 20c.
Chena Suitings..... 12½c.
Striped Beige..... 20c.
Empress Suitings..... 25c.
Angleses Stripes..... 25c.
Melange Suitings..... 25c.
All-Wool Bunting..... 25c.
Pekin Stripes..... 25c.
All-Wool Spring Serge..... 25c.
Spring Cashmeres..... 25c.
English Damasse..... 28c.
Brilliantine Mohairs..... 28c.
Brocade Mohairs..... 28c.
Madonna Cloths..... 30c.
Striped Sateens..... 30c.
All-Wool Lace Bunting..... 37½c.
Silk Poncee..... 37½c.
Silk Brocades..... 45c.

IN RICH PARIS NOVELTIES

We are showing some Very Choice Styles in All Silk and Wool Textures.

COLORED SILK GRENADINES, in Beautiful Colorings.
POMPADOUR BROCADE STRIPES, Very Rich.
SATIN STRIPES in Great Variety.
SILK AND WOOL MIXTURES, in Beautiful Styles.
INDIA SILK PONGEE.
TWILLED SILK PONGEE.
NOVELTIES IN GREAT VARIETIES, from 45c. to $1.50.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

IMPORTED ALL-WOOL FABRICS FRENCH DE BEIGE.

In all widths and qualities, from 25c. to 85c. We are offering special bargains in these serviceable goods.

MONO CLOTH, a new all-wool fabric, price 37½ to 62c.

ALL WOOL CABOOL CLOTH. ALL-WOOL SATIN IMPERIAL, in stripes and plain effects.

ALL-WOOL SPRING TAFFETAS. ALL WOOL MELANGE De LINDE, 37½ to 75c.

ALL-WOOL MELANGE PEKIN, in beautiful colorings.

SILK AND WOOL CASHMERE INDIA, $1.50.

CASHMERE PLAIDS, in beautiful combinations, 50c. to $1.50.

NEAT CHECK SUITING, 40c. to $1.00.

ALL-WOOL KASHGAR SUITING, a soft, light texture.

ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERES, in Spring colorings, and the

NEW GEN D'ARME BLUE.

COTTON DRESS FABRICS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

French Organdy Lawns.
French Jaconet Lawns.
French Printed Sateens.
French Toil d'Alsace.
French Momie Cloth.
French Printed Cretons.

SCOTCH ZEPHYR GINGHAMS.

Our assortment of these goods is very large, and the designs are very choice.

DRESS CHEVIOTS in handsome styles, very serviceable and pretty, from 12½ to 25c.

BANANA CLOTH in elegant plaid and striped effects, very stylish.

DRESS GINGHAMS in staple and fancy styles, 8 to 12½c.

Beautiful styles in PERCALES, CRETONNES, CAMBRICS, CHINTZES, &c., from 5c. to 12½c.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Silks at the Grand Depot.

Very low prices now prevail

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY. - - - - APRIL 11, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Now Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [4-4t.y.]

—The Catholics bore off the palm last Sunday as usual.

—Southwest township is afflicted by dogs and kill sheep.

—Y. Barker & Bro. is the name of the new firm down street.

—Tom Dire to Patterson is sick in bed at his home in Johnstown.

—Postmaster Engelfelt, of Hollidaysburg, is talked of to be on his fourth bed.

—A session of the Huntingdon Presbytery is held at Altoona last Tuesday.

—If you want to buy goods cheap, pay a call at the new firm of Y. S. Barker & Bro.

—Mr. S. F. Morrell has been appointed postmaster at Mineral Point, Cambria county.

—The Board of Pardons will hereafter meet regularly on the third Tuesday of every month.

—Mr. Conrad Knauble, of South Level, last week killed his fourth wildcat since the beginning of winter.

—"Supreme Unction" is what the Johnstown *Tribune* calls one of the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

—A new paper, to be entitled *Town Talk*, will be issued in Altoona beginning May 1st and weekly thereafter.

—The Western Union telegraph office, Johnstown, has been removed from Main street to Washington street.

—Mr. J. F. Benner, ex-Treasurer of Blair county, and family, have removed from Hollidaysburg to Salina, Kansas.

—The new mail-marked of Mr. David Dysert now done to the post-office, will be opened to the public next week.

—A new installment of wire-workers from England have arrived in Johnstown and are now at work in the Gautier establishment.

—A copy of the "History of Eve's Mother" was received before by a very young lady in Indiana on the first day of April last and didn't care.

—Read George Huntley's new advertisement and print by it without waiting for us to say a more elaborate invitation, as we propose to do in our next issue.

—Attention, pleasure! A Lewistown fisherman recently caught a catfish twenty-eight inches long, weighing five pounds and measuring between the eyes.

—The *Herald* man is a living example of the fact that Pickles, of that paper, knew what he was talking about when he said that newspapers are not poets and punsters.

—It is expected that a lady temperance movement of considerable prominence will visit Ebensburg the latter part of next week and the ladies of that place will be addressed.

—The fifteenth annual session of the Pennsylvania State Sunday School Association will be held in Altoona on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 3d, 4th and 5th.

—In anticipation of the arrival of Spring is manifest in the fact that by order of the Commissioners the trees in the Court House yard have been trimmed in a scientific manner.

—S. Barker & Bro. have taken the stand formerly owned by A. A. Barker & Son, and are in a position now to sell goods cheaper than any other firm in town.

—We are informed that the recently annual log of Mr. Joel Simmons, of Jackson township, is moving as rapidly as could be expected under the circumstances attending it.

—The Altoona *Sun* has begun the twelfth year of its existence. It is a model journal, and all the liberal support which it merits should be given it by the gallant Democracy of Blair.

—A wild goose got bewildered and flew to earth in Altoona in broad daylight last Monday. It was captured by Mr. Dominick Long, and is now being exhibited as a curiosity.

—Mr. Scott Morrell has been appointed postmaster at Mineral Point, Cambria county. This will be gratifying to the many friends of John Harrison, one of Blair county's pioneers, to know that that gentleman is carefully watched a late attack of apoplexy is getting well.

—Having completed the FREEMAN and Job Office, and the "Breeze, the *Herald*, the great Alexander of old, whom nearly imitates, is now no doubt sig'at new worlds to conquer.

—Master John Scott, Solicitor for the Pennsylvania Railroad, with headquarters at Altoona, has been obliged to take a vacation on account of ill health and will spend the summer in the country.

—The salary of the Secretary to Altoona Council is $200 per year; that of the Clerk, the Water Superintendent and Treasurer $75 per month and the policemen draw pay at the rate of $1.25 a day.

—Mr. J. R. Bennet, of Blairsville, Indiana county, has not missed a day in reading the papers for the past forty-four years. He resides in Altoona the other day, and his name was that he had been cheated out of money and a certified check for $50 by one of Townsend monte sharps.

—Mr. Hunk, mother of Rev. H. Hunk, pastor of St. Bartholomew's (Catholic) Church, Williamsport, died last week, aged, we presume, about 90 years. May she rest in peace. Obituary next week.

—The following gentlemen were last Saturday initiated into the mysteries of the new Hollidaysburg company: Captain, T. Dallas Sloan; Lieutenant, James K. Stewart; second Lieutenant, D. D. Wertz, all of Hollidaysburg.

—A Portage township, on Wednesday of last week, a twin son, aged 17 years, of Mr. Jacob Gallagher, was crushed to death by a tree which fell upon him before he had time to get out of the way after chopping it down.

—J. R. Bennet, of Blairsville, Indiana county freight No. 143, rolled off his train while near the Mineral Point tower Tuesday morning, spraining his ankle severely and slightly bruising his face.

—It is reported that their headquarters will be changed from Altoona to Johnstown, the principal offices remaining in the former place, and that the Altoona machine shops will be enlarged to meet the increased demands of the business. This is another point, and we are sorry to hear of one of the triplets lately born in Germany, died last week. The other two did fair to grow up strong on a soil and climate favorable to them.

—Mr. Mark Bros. are the leading shoe men of town, always carrying the largest stock and selling at the lowest prices. Don't fail to pay them a visit before you will save money by the transaction.

—Jones is this week receiving the pavement a new wire sign, the first of the kind ever brought to Ebensburg, for its publication office. It is neat, but not gaudy, and may be taken as an earnest of indication of how our neighbor would make things hum in the interest of improvement if he only owned the Mechanical Works and the right of way for a railroad to Blacklick or Jackson township.

—The *Herald* of last week says that Mr. Hugh Evans, of Cambria township, killed three bears one day last week on a recent occasion, that two young men named Ricketts killed a large bear and captured three live cubs in White township the week previous, and that John Newman sustained serious injuries about the same time by falling from a saw mill he was engaged in building in Jackson township.

—Religious services were held in the Presbyterian church of this place every night last week. Sabbath day was their communion season and twelve new members took their seats for the first time around the Lord's table. Four more members were received on Monday evening, while others are waiting to be received. Rev. W. S. Miller, of the Beulah church, assisted the pastor, rendering very valuable service.

—By order of Council, Constables Wheeley and Evans are this week notifying all concerned within the limits of the borough to remove obstructions from the pavements, clean out the gutters, and cart away the ashes, etc., accumulated in front of their doors during the winter, and to do the same inside five days from the date of notification. We don't want the yellow fever or the cholera here next summer.

—Too much rose-jumping is bad for little girls, and this warning should go to the rounds. Little Miss Henger, of Conemaugh borough, succeeded finally the rope ninety times, and then went home and had congestion of the brain for twenty-four hours, and for a time it was thought doubtful whether she would be able to rally and recover; little Miss Brandemire scored eighty-two times, and then was carried home on a stretcher.

—The Altoona *Call* of Monday contains some particulars of a fire which is said to have been a case of attempted infanticide in that city. It is the old, old story. A poor girl had been betrayed, and to hide her shame she sought to commit murder. Happily for her peace of mind on earth and her eternal rest hereafter, her designs were thwarted by the interposition of friends. Her home is said to be in the eastern section of this county.

—We have heard it intimated that an eight-column folio paper, all printed at home, is what's ails the old Adam in our amiable friend up street, but of course we take no stock in any such slanderous imputations.

—Mr. David Witt, of Freedom township, Blair county, permitted a loaded gun to rest with its muzzle against his person. His foot chanced to strike the hammer and the load was discharged, striking the unfortunate man full in the face and killing him instantly.

—Mr. Sam. McFadden, a prominent and respected citizen of Hollidaysburg and a valued patron of the FREEMAN, called to see us on Tuesday. It was remarked by many who chanced to see him that he bears a close resemblance in the face to the Hon. D. J. Morrell.

—A freight brakeman named Samuel Eberts, 23 or 24 years of age and a native of Juniata county, was jostled from the platform of a car at Tyrone, about midnight Tuesday, and falling under the wheels was so shockingly injured that he died in about five hours after.

—In default of $500 bail, George Kurtz, jr., was sent to jail in this place, Tuesday evening, by Justice Easly, of Johnstown, to await trial at June Court for getting up a little insurrection and smashing things generally in the parental mansion.

—The woolen mill formerly run by the McLaughlin Brothers, East ward, is again advertised for sale by Mr. Dwight Jones, assignee of Messrs. A. Y. & G. W. Jones. It will be remembered that this mill was exposed to sale last March Court, but "nary" bidder put in an appearance.

—Mr. A. M. Hammers, of Indiana, Pa., has come among us for the purpose of trying his luck in the photograph business in the well-known studio on High street, and as he is said to be a first class artist and a genial gentleman, we certainly hope he will be encouraged to abide with us for many a day.

—If you have been receiving the FREEMAN from the beginning of the present volume and haven't yet paid your subscription, remember that a dollar and a half will not be available after the 20th of the present month. No matter who continues or discontinues his paper, this rule will be strictly adhered to.

—Mr. William O'Brien, Burgess-elect of Millville borough, has been missing from his home since last Monday. The fact that he is a cripple, having lost both feet some years ago through a railroad accident, seems to have had a depressing effect on his mind, and it is feared that he has made away with himself. Should any person see him they will confer a favor by his card elsewhere, has no notion of leaving St. Augustine, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, and as he is a thorough gentleman and an accomplished physician, we trust that so long as there are ills for human flesh to bear he will not lack for an opportunity to alleviate them.

—A tramp named Christian Wegh was struck by the cars at the Viaduct, in Summerhill township, on Friday last and knocked over a twenty-foot wall. His collar bone was broken and he was otherwise badly demoralized. Being poor and penniless, and without friends, he was brought to the county almshouse.

—Many kind things have already been said by our friends of this paper about the FREEMAN and its new dress, and others of like import will probably follow in time for us to reproduce them all next week, as we have no hope that the *Herald* man will do it for us. Meantime we tender our earnest thanks to all concerned.

—Some of our public schools completed their seven months' term this week, and the others will finally ring down the curtain the forthcoming week. As a whole, the corps of teachers employed gave satisfaction, while the scholars, as evinced by the examinations which have already come off, did not spend their time wholly in vain.

—When your timity gets the better of your judgment, Mr. "Man-of-many-signs," and you are tempted, in a metaphorical sense, to buttonhole your neighbors and fish for compliments on the score of "getting away" with the FREEMAN, we advise you to "look out a little bit out" and make sure there is no rebel among your solicitations.

—Messrs. Joseph Berkey and Wm. Bock, of Carroll township, have fully determined on pulling up stakes and going to Kansas to live immediately after Easter. Mr. Berkey is 52 years of age. They will be accompanied by the wife and family of Mr. George Trunkey, who has been in the West for several months. May good luck attend them!

—Jacob Hawker and James Reilly are the names of two individuals who came up from Johnstown Tuesday night to form a close acquaintance with the interior of our county jail. They are said to be two confirmed scalawags, and are charged with the assault and battery on the person of Mr. H. P. Freidhoff, watchman of the Gautier Steel Company.

—The new Congregational church bell rang out on the wild air last Sunday. Its tone is clear and sonorous, but the alleged fact that it does not "carry" to as great a distance as it would naturally be expected from a bell of its dimensions is a disappointment. Perhaps this is owing to the lowness of the belfry, and if so, the drawback may easily be overcome.

—At an election conducted by Captain C. S. W. Jones, of the Sheridan cavalry, of Tyrone, in Huntingdon, on Saturday evening last, the officers of the newly-organized Company D, Fifth regiment, the following were elected: Captain, H. C. Weaver; First Lieutenant W. P. Crawford, of the Huntingdon *Monitor*; Second Lieutenant, Cyrus W. Hoover.

—Four boys ran away from the McAllisterville soldiers' Orphan school a week or two ago, and one of them, named Andrew Cramer, while attempting to get on a freight train at Birmingham, Huntingdon county, fell under the wheels and was killed. The other three, when they reached Altoona, were taken into custody and afterward returned to the institution.

—A lad named James Butler fell from the trestle-work at the old blast furnace in Millville borough, a distance of fourteen feet, on Tuesday evening last, and sustained injuries which may prove fatal. A brother of young Butler was killed in Kernville by a "flying-horse" a few years ago, and another died rather suddenly while on a visit to Spruce Creek, Huntingdon county.

—By general consent, the present is said to have been the best week for the manufacture of maple sugar we have yet had this season. Several parties we know of have each made as many as three hundred pounds of the delicious article, and the yield with all the usual accompaniment of a gallon of molasses to every twenty pounds of sugar. And still the work goes on.

—A young girl named Bridget Kirby, stepdaughter of Mr. Michael Lynch, of Millville, was unaccountably entangled in a clothesline last Monday in such manner that a loop was formed around her neck and she fell and was strangled to death. She was a sister of the young man who was shot to death on the roof of Hawes' cement mill by the watchman a couple of years ago.

—The report of the viewers appointed by Court to run the experimental lines for a division of Susquehanna township into two election districts will not be made till June term. When completed, and if the report is accepted, it is thought that the original township, what is left of it, will remain Republican in politics, and that the new outgrowth will be Democratic.

—The *Herald* has swung into position across the pavement a new wire sign, the first of the kind ever brought to Ebensburg, for its publication office. It is neat, but not gaudy, and may be taken as an earnest of indication of how our neighbor would make things hum in the interest of improvement if he only owned the Mechanical Works and the right of way for a railroad to Blacklick or Jackson township.

—The *Herald* of last week says that Mr. Hugh Evans, of Cambria township, killed three bears one day last week on a recent occasion, that two young men named Ricketts killed a large bear and captured three live cubs in White township the week previous, and that John Newman sustained serious injuries about the same time by falling from a saw mill he was engaged in building in Jackson township.

—Religious services were held in the Presbyterian church of this place every night last week. Sabbath day was their communion season and twelve new members took their seats for the first time around the Lord's table. Four more members were received on Monday evening, while others are waiting to be received. Rev. W. S. Miller, of the Beulah church, assisted the pastor, rendering very valuable service.

—By order of Council, Constables Wheeley and Evans are this week notifying all concerned within the limits of the borough to remove obstructions from the pavements, clean out the gutters, and cart away the ashes, etc., accumulated in front of their doors during the winter, and to do the same inside five days from the date of notification. We don't want the yellow fever or the cholera here next summer.

—Too much rose-jumping is bad for little girls, and this warning should go to the rounds. Little Miss Henger, of Conemaugh borough, succeeded finally the rope ninety times, and then went home and had congestion of the brain for twenty-four hours, and for a time it was thought doubtful whether she would be able to rally and recover; little Miss Brandemire scored eighty-two times, and then was carried home on a stretcher.

—The Altoona *Call* of Monday contains some particulars of a fire which is said to have been a case of attempted infanticide in that city. It is the old, old story. A poor girl had been betrayed, and to hide her shame she sought to commit murder. Happily for her peace of mind on earth and her eternal rest hereafter, her designs were thwarted by the interposition of friends. Her home is said to be in the eastern section of this county.

—M. J. Tettelbaum, who in Loretto doth dwell, and long has been known as the man who can sell more goods for less money than many other dealer about, has found some goods in his line are nearly sold out; and hence he intends ere many days more to buy a big stock to fill up his store. Meantime it will pay every one to invest in what he has got, the cheapest and best, not forgetting to keep a few dollars tilled up for better bargains than ever when his store is filled up.

—George Ankenbaur and Andrew Gaegler, brewers at Gallitzin, were arrested on Monday and taken to Johnstown, where, after a hearing before U. S. Commissioner Rutledge, they were released on $500 bail each to appear at the next term of the U. S. District Court and answer the several charges of selling beer without paying the special tax, doing a retail business contrary to the statute, and drawing beer from kegs without driving the spigot through or otherwise destroying the revenue stamp.

—The public sale of real estate of Wm. M. Lloyd, bankrupt, conducted by Assignees Jones and Curry, was largely attended at Altoona this week, and better prices were realized than at the sale in February. On Monday $5,000 worth of property was knocked down, and on Tuesday, $7,287. Wednesday's sales were not far behind these figures, when further operations were adjourned to a day to be hereafter set by the assignees.—The bulk of the purchases was made by residents of Altoona.

—As we don't use stereotype plates as reading matter on the outside of our paper, and never did use them except in an emergency, and that only for a short time a couple of years ago, we don't see the relevancy of the *Herald* man's asking us to explain the difference between a patent outside and the adoption of such a method. There is a difference, however, as any man who has ever pulled a press or any boy who has ever rolled a "form" knows as well as the *Herald* man knew when he propounded the question.

—Everybody knows Pat and Jim Doran, twins born, and as much alike as two peas, and two of the best locomotive engineers on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, while either on or off the line their superiors as gentlemen cannot be found. Well, Pat and Jim are married, as is generally known, and live at Wilkinsburg, Allegheny county, and a few days since the household of each was gladdened by an addition to the inmates. If they are boys, these new arrivals, we hope each may grow up to be President; if girls, may they resemble their mothers small things.

—"Uncle" Joe. Gutwald on Tuesday brought to town five head of as fine two-year old cattle as we have ever seen. They were bought in Indiana county, from a farmer who lives in the neighborhood of Mechanicsburg, and the bigness of their buttocks bear cheerful testimony to the good quality of the grain and grass which grow over there. Two of these animals have been slaughtered, and our advice to those who want a superior steak or roast is to call on Mr. Gutwald without delay. Fresh pork and sausage constitute another feature of the bill of fare which he presents for the festive occasion.

—The petition of John Ansley, for attempt to commit a felony in Blacklick township, this county, were presented to the Board of Pardons last Friday. He wanted a pardon, but was refused, and so long as the Board have their senses about them, they will keep on refusing this request. Supposing he should be pardoned. Wouldn't some friend from Westmoreland county be on the look-out to greet him for alleged transactions of a crooked character with that ballwick? His wife has stuck to him through thick and thin and deserves better things, but this decision seems to be the very letter of the law, and we are sorry that other arrangements cannot bring about a different result.

—The following real estate was sold at public sale by Sheriff Ryan, at the Court House, last Saturday afternoon, beginning at one o'clock: A piece or parcel of land in Washington township, the property of John Spade, containing 1¼ acres—sold to Paul McKenna for $40; lot of ground in Summitville borough, the property of John Sharbaugh—sold to John E. Scanlan for $135; piece of land in Summitville borough, the property of John Sharbaugh, containing 3 acres, one acre cleared—sold to M. Donahoe for $45. The sale of the Thomas Gorman tract of 363 acres and 98 perches, in Allegheny (now Gallitzin) township, was postponed till the first week of June term.

—They had an election for city officers in Salina, Kansas, the other day, and a compliment tendered a former Cambria county man on that occasion is thus adverted to by the *Journal* of that city: "The majority given Mr. Wm. Berg, for Mayor, is a splendid tribute to a splendid man. He is immensely popular with all classes, and deservedly so—he is not an office-seeker in any sense, but a fair-minded, honorable, upright man who will endeavor to do his duty to all concerned in the administration of public affairs, and jealously work for the best interests of Salina on every and all occasions. The citizens of Salina certainly have reason to be proud of their Mayor." We can only add to the foregoing the hope that our worthy friend "His Honor" aforesaid, may go up yet higher.

—As provided by law, Council met last Monday morning for the purpose of reorganizing for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen compose the Board: Burgess, Edward J. Humphreys; Councilman, F. H. Barker, Alvin Evans, Thomas L. Jones, (East ward,) John Shoemaker, Josiah D. Parrish, James G. Hasson, (West ward,) John S. Davis was re-elected Clerk, and David E. Evans Weighmaster. Isaac Evans was chosen Collector in place of Morgan Hughes. The Board, as at present constituted, is Republican, and the fact that Mr. Hughes' successor will take account for his decapitation. On the general principle that the Board means to so conduct itself that litigation will be avoided during the year, it was decided to not appoint a Solicitor just now. Adjourned to meet again at the regular time.

—Mr. "Man-who-rejoices-in-a-multiplicity-of-signs" has nothing to learn about charging extortionate rates for advertising when the opportunity offers, and needs no instruction on the subject in asking any price rather than run the risk of losing a little patronage, but he don't seem to know how another man in the business can refuse to accept advertising at prices dictated by Democratic officials for the benefit of Republican organs and afterwards pledge his word that the charge for a certain advertisement shall not exceed a certain sum, even though said sum exceeds by twothirds the amount he himself received a twelvemonth previous for publishing a similar advertisement twice the number of times, if we mistake not. Still if he don't die inside a century he may possibly learn something, though at the present rate of going he will have to live as long as Methuselah before he gets to be half as wise as he imagines he is.

—Col. David B. Williams died at his residence in East Harrisburg on Sunday last. He was a nephew of our deceased townsman, John Williams, Esq., and spent many of his boyhood's years under the roof of that lamented gentleman. He learned the printing business in the Ebensburg *Sky* office, under Messrs. Canan & Scott, beginning about 1835, and afterward "worked at case" in several cities and towns. Later in life he turned his attention to writing, and from time to time was connected with the editorial force of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, Harrisburg *Independent*, Altoona *Tribune*, Mifflintown *Tribune*, and various other journals. When the late war broke out he was a resident of a Southern State, probably Georgia, and the volume of local public sentiment was strong enough to force him into the rebel ranks, whence he graduated with an officer's commission. He was an amiable, well-informed gentleman, and those who knew him of old, as well as those who formed his acquaintance on the occasion of any of his many visits to this town inside the past five years, will be sorry to learn of his death. He was probably 55 years of age, and leaves behind him a wife and several children.

—Our former townsman and whilom employe in the FREEMAN office, Mr. James A. Kittell, now one of the editors and proprietors of the Emlenton (Venango county) *Register*, and a son of Mrs. Wm. Kittell, of this place, has recently been made the victim of a most brutal personal assault. It seems that Emlenton, like many another place, is cursed by a gang of rowdies who range the streets after nightfall to the terror of good citizens. The *Register* directed the attention of the local police authorities to this condition of affairs, and demanded that the gang be broken up. In revenge for having called things by their right names, Mr. Kittell was waylaid by three gentlemen on the night of the 24th ultimo, and knocked senseless by a stone which struck him on the chin. His hurt was serious, but we learn by a late number of his paper that his condition is rapidly improving. The trio of would-be assassins were unfortunately not identified by Mr. Kittell, but strenuous efforts are being made to ferret them out. If these efforts are successful, and their guilt is made manifest, we don't exactly say that the people of Emlenton ought to call on Judge Lynch to wind up the matter, but such punishment should be inflicted on the trio as will effectually deter from a similar exhibition of unprovoked and unpardonable rowdyism in the future.

IN ELEGANT NEW OFFICES.

39 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT,

Surgeon Dentist, having removed to these the and centrally located offices, is now prepared to serve his numerous patrons with more satisfaction, owing to his greatly increased facilities. [4-4.-3t.

WHO KILLED SAMMY HUNTER.—*Gross Perjury or Gross Injustice.*—A special Pittsburgh dispatch to the New York *World* furnishes the following in regard to the recent brutal murder at Braddocks, in Allegheny county:

About a month ago a boy named Sammy Hunter was murdered at Braddock, ten miles from here.—His body was found in the river twenty minutes after he had been seen at a stable 300 yards away. The body was carried from the stable to the river in broad daylight, within 100 yards, of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, where three or four hundred men were at work. A negro hostler named Theodore Gross and two men named McLain and Gisel were arrested on suspicion. Gross made a confession implicating McLain and Gisel. He said he was standing at the stable-door and saw McLain strike Hunter with a shovel and knock him down and then pound him on the head and face with the shovel until he was dead. Gisel, he said, assisted McLain to put the body in a grain-bag and carry it to the river. Gross's story was corroborated in some respects and discredited in others. It was proved that he could not have seen the murder at all from the stable-door, but he stoutly adhered to his account and the Grand Jury indicted Geisel and McLain for murder and Gross as an accessory after the fact. The trial, which is expected to come off in a short time, has been eagerly anticipated. Last night, hearing that something was wrong with Gross, Tim Wilson reporter visited him in his cell and was told by Gross himself that he had lied in saying McLain and Gisel had murdered Hunter. He had not seen them do anything he has said they did, and he didn't know who was guilty of the crime. He said that Coroner Thomas, of this county, came to his cell two days after the arrest and asked him to tell what he knew. He replied he knew nothing, and the Coroner turned to the jailor and told him to let McLain and Gisel out and send them home, adding: "We'll hang this fellow here for the murder." Gross persisted in saying he was innocent, and then Coroner Thomas said: "I'm a good boxer and if you don't tell me all you know I'll punch h—l out of you." Gross says this scared him so that he began to cry, and then told the story about McLain and Gisel.—The details were suggested by the questions put to him. This amended confession has aroused great indignation against Coroner Thomas. Some believe the first story, and say that Gross has been bribed, but the general opinion is that Gross himself committed the murder.

WHERE IS LEAR'S OPINION?—In the month of January last, when the question was whether Mr. George B. Stineman was possessed of the legal right to occupy at one and the same time the office of Postmaster of South Fork and the office of Auditor of Cambria county, the former being a Federal States Government appointment, and the latter an elective office, tendered by vote of the people, all this time, Article XII, Section 2 of the New Constitution being in full force and effect, a telegram was sent hence to the Hon. George B. Lear, then Attorney General of State, at Harrisburg. The tenor of this telegram was an interrogatory as to whether Mr. Stineman's Postmastership debarred him from going in as a member of the Auditor board. An answer, couched in legal phraseology, is understood to have come back from the Attorney General instructing Mr. Stineman to assume his place as a member of that Board, and guaranteeing to him that no power could or would oust him therefrom.—In the strength of Mr. Lear's dictum, Mr. Stineman, under protest of Mr. S. J. Freidhoff, now ex-Treasurer, took part in the annual settlement of the county receipts and expenditures last January. The question of compatibility came to a head before his honor Judge Dean last week, and the determination was of course in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. The offices of Postmaster and County Auditor were distinctly declared to be incompatible. Now, what we would like to know is—Where is this telegraphic legal opinion of the defunct Lear? It is in keeping with his whole life, for where he could possibly make a wrong decision, no one looked for one based on sound principles of law. But as a curiosity, it should be preserved. Somebody in this town has possession of it, and we should like to see it forthcoming.

—It is a well-known fact that a gang of counterfeiters have for several years had their headquarters on the confines of Cambria, Indiana and Clearfield counties. Each succeeding Court-week, and on other prominent occasions, at each county-seat, large quantities of the bogus coin are shoved, to the detriment of hotel-keepers and merchants. This, we say, is a well-known fact. But it may not be so well known that inside this county, near the Indiana line, is an artificial cave hollowed in a hill-side wherein much of the bogus money was at one time made. This cave having been under the surveillance of police detectives for several months past, it was of necessity abandoned, and a late visit thereto by a certain officer of the law resulted in the finding of nothing.—But we are reliably informed that had the search been prosecuted further, and without going many miles away from the cave, a big counterfeiting plant might have been struck.—The dies used in the manufacture of the bogus coin are known to have been located in one of our northern townships inside one month preceding this date! We are not especially in the detective business, but we throw out these hints for the benefit of those who are. The uttering of base money is an unmitigated evil to the business community, and has been tolerated entirely too long; and if what is known as the "Mardis gang" is not extirpated, either by the pistol or by the penitentiary, then police officials of the United States government are not keeping the watch and ward over the interests of her people.

AN EGGS-TRAORDINARY RAT STORY.—The Indiana *Messenger* is responsible for the following strange story, which some folks may think needs a little more rat-ification:

Mr. Artley, of Blairsville, related to us the other day a story which shows the extreme cunning of rats. Mr. Artley's daughter had complained to her husband that some animals, possibly rats, were eating the eggs in the chicken coop, and desired an egg from the nest. As they would have some ten feet to transport the egg after getting it out of the nest, he concluded he would observe the operation. He had not long to wait, for no sooner had the girl got the coveted prize out of the nest than the largest one seized it with its fourfeet and turning on his back held the egg safely. The second rat then taking the tail of No. 1 in his teeth proceeded to drag him down through a hole in the wall of the coop. The operation was pretty severe on the rat which played the part of the vehicle, as he would frequently squirm in his agony and give the caudal appendage received a most unmercifully hard jerk; and every time he squealed his companion would let go in order to give him a rest, as it were. When the last mentioned rat was allowed to fall to the ground and both rats getting behind it soon rolled it through the wall and under the floor. It took quite a long time to complete the trick of these animals, but this rather "takes the rag off the bush."

—It gives us pleasure to announce that our old and valued friend, Mr. V. S. Barker, who for two years past managed the mercantile business of the well-known firm of A. A. Barker & Son, has associated himself with his younger brother, Mr. C. H. Barker, and taken the stock and fixtures of the other firm at Ebensburg and Carrolltown and will hereafter conduct the same. A. A. Barker & Son, the son being F. H. Barker, have retired from that line of business. "Vallie," as we used to call him in days of yore, is an old hand at this sort of work, having years ago catered to the public behind a counter, and his multitudes of friends who flocked to him then will scarcely go back on him now. A general invitation to them as well as to all others is extended to call and see what bargains are offered. The prices under the other firm were good enough, but we are assured they are better now. And just here, as well as at any other time or place, we may speed the old firm, and welcome the new. An advertisement next week will set forth in full detail what the bargains we hint at are composed of.

HE that is wise
Will not be wise
To let the people know
They need not look
In every book,
But know just where to go.

It is hardly necessary for Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, to advertise his name and business, for what Mr. Murphy does and where he lives is common property. But it will do him no harm to copy this notice from the Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday last: "Mr. James J. Murphy, proprietor of the 'Star Hall' Clothing Store, attended for the East yesterday afternoon to buy his spring goods. He will return within a week or ten days, and he promises that his stock shall be unsurpassed in style, quality and cheapness of clothing house in town." This installment of goods has been received, and is now open for the inspection of parties who want to buy good goods cheap. Sample them

THE donkey is a pretty bird,
So gentle and so wise;
It has a silky little tail,
With which to wisk the flies.
Upon its head two ears it bears,
And sings a lovely song;
That when its tail can't reach th' flies
The ears can wisk them off.

It is only donkeys who go elsewhere than to S. Blumenthal's, 1129 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, for Spring boots, shoes, slippers, goloshes, rubbers, or other wear for the feet. A donkey is a pretty bird, but it has no sense, and that's the reason. Mr. Blumenthal sends us word that the additions to his stock during the present week are very large, and that they comprise all the late styles. They will be sold at prices which will clash with no pocket-book, and order is respectfully solicited, either in person or per mail. No donkey need apply.

THE sunshines on the flower-bed
And on the meadow and the hill,
If you have overcoats to shed,
Prepare to shed them now.

Shed them before you leave home, and then go to John Lloyd's establishment, High street, Ebensburg, and see the entertainment they are prepared to set before you in the way of nice new Spring goods. They have just received the finest stock of Spring dress and dry goods, Spring ready-made clothing, and Spring nick-nacks of every description, ever brought to this town. One visit will convince you that this statement is a fact, and either that visit or the next one will likewise convince you that nowhere else in the county can you buy goods at lower prices. Try them!

THE RED-BIRD PLUMES HIS SCARLET WINGS
And whistles in the thicket;
The crested blue jay proudly sings,
And cheerily chirps the cricket;
The bull-frog tunes his treble voice,
The skeeter whets his anger,
And thirsty men again rejoice
In dreams of ice-cold lager.

The song, as sung, is naughty, but it's nice, and it allures to other fields. It says, in effect, that all nature is making a change, and asks why in thunder don't you, reader? Why don't you doff that suit of a winter's wear, for instance, and buy something seasonable? If you want to know where you can buy a full Spring suit for little money, we can tell you. Go to M. Wolf's, 1111 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. That is not a secret, but if you call on Mr. Wolf he will show you something at once fresh and stylish, with the price-tab satisfactory or we are greatly mistaken. His store is rapidly becoming the headquarters of those who are particular as to material and make.

THERE was once a young student of Latin
Who stuck pins in the cushions of r. tin
On the chair that his kind teacher sat in.
The teacher spied him high;
But way up to the sky
Went the yells from that student of Latin.

When the student of Latin finished making the yells aforesaid, the teacher, in the kindness of his heart, called the student to the desk and said, "Now, my boy, I'll tell you what you must do. You must go to the post-office, Altoona, ordering a full suit of the new Spring clothing which that gentleman has just received and offers to all for a mere song. In consideration of the fact that Mr. Wolf has the biggest things in the way of bargains, and always makes good his word, the teacher endorsed the letter and ordered it to be forwarded.

OBITUARY.

BRALLIER.—Died, Wednesday, April 2d, 1879, AMANDA MAGGIE, twin daughter of Dr. E. and Lucy M. Brallier, of Cherry Tree, Indiana county, aged 11 months and 10 days.

"Under the daisies a grave is made:
Under the daisies our treasure is laid:
Under the daisies? It cannot be thus:
We are sure that in heaven it waits for us."

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4.-tf.$\$$.]

HANDS OFF!—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with a horse, harness, narrow wagon and buggy purchased by me at private sale from JOSEPH CONSTENDORFER, and left in his possession until I see proper to take them away.

CHARLES ANNA.
Carroll Twp., April 7, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of James McCloskey, Assignee of Charles Johnston.

Having been appointed Auditor to report distribution of the moneys in the hands of said Assignee, as shown by his said account, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of my appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, May 9th*, 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to hear and decide on the exceptions filed to the account filed in the estate of A. A. Brooks, deceased, I hereby give notice that I will attend to the duties of that appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, May 23*, 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all parties interested must attend or forever be debarred from coming in on this fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the fund in the hands of John F. Scott, Administrator of John Evans, (Beulah,) deceased, to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Saturday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1879*, at two o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John O'Connell, of Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., and Bridget, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said John O'Connell to N. J. Freidhoff, of Ebensburg, Pa., in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John O'Connell. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said John O'Connell will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.
April 11, 1879.-6t. Assignee of John O'Connell.

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo, Snowflake, &c., no 2 alike with name, 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

PPPPPPPPPPPP EEEEEEEE OOOOOOOO PPPPPPPPPPPP UU UU LL III !!!!
PP PP EE OO OO PP PP UU UU LL III !!!!
PP PP EE OO OO PP PP UU UU LL III !!!!
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PP EE OO OO PP UU UU LL III !!!!
PP EE OO OO PP UU UU LL III !!!!
PP EEEEEEEE OOOOOOOO PP UUUUUUU LLLLLLLLLLLL III !!!!

THE VOICE OF THE

PPPPPPPPPPPPPP EEEEEEEE EEEEEEEE OOOOOOOOO PPPPPPPPPPPPPP LLLL EEEEEEEE EEEEEEEE
PP PP EE E OO OO PP PP LL EE E
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PPPP EEEEEEEE EEEEEEEE OOOOOOOOO PPPP LLLLLLLLLLLLLL EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

MAKES KNOWN THE ROAD TO THESE

GGGGG EEEEEEEE NN N U U H H NN N EEEEEEEE BBBBBB A RRRRRR GGGGG A H H NN N SSSSSSSS !!!!
G G E NN N U U H H N N N E B B AA R R G G AA H H N N N S S !!!!
G GE N N N U U H H N N N E B B AA R R G G A A H H N N N S S !!!!
G E N N N U U H H N N N E B B A A R R G A A H H N N N S !!!!
G E N N N U U H H N N N E B B A A R R G A A H H N N N S !!!!
G EEE N N N U U H H N N N EEE BBBBBB A A A A RRRRRR G AAAA H H N

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

It is coming to be better understood that success in farming depends far more upon how much one gets per acre than upon the number of acres he cultivates. If a man's time, teams, seed, implements, etc., are worth or cost $500 a year to cultivate fifty acres, and the crops produced, whatever they may be, are equivalent to twelve bushels of wheat per acre, worth on an average $1 per bushel, he has just $100 left for interest of the land, taxes, etc. If the crops equal fifteen bushels of wheat per acre, he has $250 surplus for land, etc. If they are equal to twenty bushels of wheat per acre, he has $500 surplus; if twenty-five bushels per acre, he has $750. The same rule holds good for one hundred acres, or any other area. The great question then is how to increase the yield per acre, with only the same cost for labor, teams, implements and seed.

Omitting the question of drainage, and of green manures, and supposing the land in proper dryness and tilth there is no doubt that a sufficient amount of the right kind of manure or fertilizers will secure this 8 to 15 bushels per acre increase.

Recent observations, careful experiments and extensive chemical investigations, show that our cultivated crops need for their best groth the presence of several substances. Three or four are seldom abundant in soils, or are largely available in but few, and are rapidly exhausted by the removal of crops. Two of these, for example, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, are indispensable as plant food. Potash is also needed as food, and to develop and prepare other food. Lime acts like potash in feeding or preparing food for plants.

Of these four substances, nitrogen, potash, lime and phosphoric acid, some soils and crops want one, some want two and some want three, if not all of them. Good barn yard manure invariably contains all of them. So long as one can get enough of good barn yard manure, cheaply enough and near enough to the fields, that is all that is needed. With it, if the other conditions of soil, its dryness and tilth or mechanical condition, be right, we can raise our crops from an equivalent of 12 bushels of wheat to 20 or 25 or more bushels per acre.

But unless it be on farms mainly used in stock raising, there is far from enough good yard manure to secure the higher profits. And just here another question comes in. If a soil lacks potash only, a small quantity of this in the form of potash salts or of ashes, may be useful as thousands of pounds of yard manure containing only the same amount of potash. In that case we could buy and apply the potash more cheaply than we could haul and apply the manure to a field distant from the yard, allowing the manure to cost nothing. If the soil lacks only phosphoric acid for a certain crop, a bag of superphosphate or dissolved bones will supply more of it than several tons of yard manure. If then we can ascertain just what a field lacks, we may find it very profitable to buy the special fertilizer the soil wants, and use the yard manure on such fields as need all it contains, or on those heavy soils where its loosening effect will be the most useful and where little hauling is required.—*American Agriculturist.*

REMARKABLE CLOCK MECHANISM.—In the French horological section, at the Exhibition, were two clocks remarkable for their mechanism. On the top of one of them is seated, says the *Silversmiths' Trade Journal*, a handsomely attired Greek lady, a figure hardly a span high, with a small barrel organ, held by a boy, resting on her knees. With the clock's last stroke the miniature organ is set in motion and plays a tune, the boy keeping time with his head. On the left arm of the figure is a bright starling, which as soon as the piece is played out repeats the melody, accompanied by the movements of the lady's head. The mechanism of the second clock is still more wonderful. The clock is surmounted by a figure representing a juggler in Oriental costume, seated behind a golden table. To his right stands three large silver bells on a plate. The juggler raises himself as the clock strikes, and gesticulates with his hands as if in preparation for his feat, takes up one of the bells, shows it to the spectators to convince them that it is empty, then seizes another bell, and puts both on the table. He lifts them up again and under each lies now a golden egg, which appears and disappears repeatedly. Sometimes both eggs disappear, sometimes they increase in number, and instead of two, three or four eggs are seen. The little magician's performance reaches its climax when he turns up the third bell and displays a bronze ball to the astonished audience. This bronze ball bursts immediately after, and a Lilliputian bird, about the length of a finger nail, makes its exit and pipes a tune. The next moment all vanishes again, and the clever performer, after a graceful bow, resumes his seat.

AN INTERESTING PUZZLE.—Perhaps some of our young folks are not familiar with the following puzzle: A young man asked an old man for his daughter in marriage. The answer was: "Go into the orchard and bring in a parcel of apples. Give me one-half of the whole number, and the mother one-half of the balance and half an apple over, and the daughter one-half of the remainder and half an apple over, and have one left for yourself, without cutting the apple, and then, if she is willing, you can have her." He solved the question, and how many did he bring? Fourteen, as you can easily prove. The old woman was to have one-half of the balance, which would be three and a half, and half an apple over, which would make four apples for her. There would be three apples left, of which the daughter is to have one half and half an apple over, which would give her two and leave the lover his one, "without cutting the apple."

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—One who has tried with benefit recommends salt as a gargle for the throat for those inclined to a hacking cough, or soreness of the throat or mouth. A teaspoonful of salt is disolved in half a tumblerful of cold water, and with this the throat is gargled just before each meal. An unusual freedom from coughs or sore throat is claimed to be the result of this simple remedy.

VIGORENE

THE GREAT POSITIVE CURE

for all DISEASES arising from a deranged condition of the BLOOD, LIVER, NERVES, or DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

The Best Family Medicine on Earth.

$100 IN GOLD

to any person afflicted with a disease that VIGORENE will not relieve or cure, providing the bones or organs are not wasted beyond point of repair.

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is scientifically compounded from Herbs, Roots, Barks and Gums found in California and the West Indies, combining a Tonic, Cathartic, Alterative, Diuretic and Sudorific.

Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase those powers of assimilation and nutrition. It increases the appetite, assists digestion, and gives firmness and tone to the muscular and circulating systems. It stimulates the vital processes to expel poisonous matter, abscesses and purifies the fluids, hence the organs of excretion alone itself healthy functions.

THE ONLY TRUE REMEDY FOR COLDS.

It is useless to expatiate upon the virtues of this GREAT REMEDY. If you are suffering from BILIOUS ATTACKS, DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, DULL NATIAS, GENERAL DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY or NERVOUS DISEASES, or any Disorder arising from IMPURE BLOOD, get a bottle of VIGORENE and take it as per directions upon each bottle. In English, German, Spanish and French. One bottle will better convince you of its merits than volumes expressed in printers' ink.

A trial of one bottle insures its adoption in every family, for no Man, Woman or Child can take VIGORENE and remain long sick. It first cleanses the system, then repairs, then builds up, thus curing disease and establishing health on a permanent, safe and enduring basis.

Put up in large bottles, and is pleasant to take.

Sold by Druggists generally. Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

Walker & Badger Mfg. Co., Prop'rs,
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☞ For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, who are authorized to guarantee VIGORENE to prove as represented. [10-11,'78.-1y.]

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'VIBRATOR'
Reg. March 31, 1874.

THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE
"Vibrator" Threshers,
WITH IMPROVED
MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,
And Steam Thresher Engines,
Made only by
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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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GRAIN Raisers will not Submit to the enormous wastage of Grain by the use of the other machines, when they can get the

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses

NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separator

NOT only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Rice, Barley, Oats, and Timothy Seed, but for Clover and Flax Threshed in Pod, Timothy, Millet, Cheese and Hungarian Grass to Perfection.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts,

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STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and "Vibrator" Threshers in Equipment, etc., the "Vibrator" Thresher and Separator is Unequaled.

FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

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CURES
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Been in general use for twenty years. Everywhere proved the most SAFE, SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL and EFFICIENT medicines known. They are just what the people want. Relief, cure, shows, sickness and suffering. Every single specific the well tried prescription of an eminent physician.

Nos.	Cures,	Cents.
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9.	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
10.	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach,	25
11.	Suppressed, or Painful Periods,	25
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13.	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing,	25
14.	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions,	25
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16.	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues,	50
17.	Piles, blind or bleeding,	50
18.	Ophthalmy, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
19.	Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza,	50
20.	Whooping-Cough, violent coughs,	50
21.	Asthma, oppressed Breathing,	50
22.	Ear Discharges, impaired hearing,	50
23.	Scrofula, enlarged glands, Swellings,	50
24.	General Debility, Physical Weakness,	50
25.	Dropsy and scanty Secretions,	50
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Case, Morocco, with above 35 large vials and Manual of directions, $10.00

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These remedies are sent by the case single box or vial, to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of price. Address Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co. Office and Depot, 109 Fulton St. New York.

For Sale by all Druggists.

☞ Humphreys' Specific Manual on the cure and treatment of disease and its cure, sent FREE on application.

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Gray's Specific Medicine.

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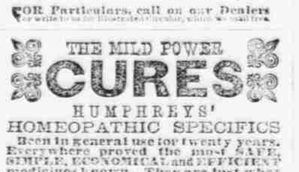

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The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5; it will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by address-ing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
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☞ Sold in Ebensburg by C. T. ROBERTS, and by Druggists everywhere.

HARRIS & EWING, Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg, Pa. [8-16-1y.]

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Vital weakness or depression: a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of mental over-work, indiscretion or excesses, or some drain upon the system, is always cured by HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28. It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy,—stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Been used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price, $1.00 per single vial, or $5.00 per package of five vials and $2.00 vial of powder, sent by mail on receipt of price. Address HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY
109 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [8-15-tf

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We invite correspondence, and endeavor to give trustworthy information. When necessary, our Traveling Agents will meet parties and be prepared to give satisfactory rates for transportation of passengers, household goods, live stock, etc.

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Leave Pittsburgh	8.42 a. m.	11.47 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis	7.30 a. m.	9.30 p. m.
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Connection is made in Union Depot, Kansas City, for all points in Kansas and Colorado. Two hundred pounds of baggage are checked free for colonists.

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PURE GUM
RUBBER BOOTS

Being free from adulterative mixtures, will give longer service than common Rubber Boots.

Their great popularity has led to many cheap imitations, having a DELL FINISH, but this season the

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WILL
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Their PURE GUM BOOTS, and to distinguish them from the common kind, will attach a RUBBER LABEL on the front of the leg, bearing the inscription

CUSTOM MADE.
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These Boots have the Patent Metal Heel Plate, which prevents the heel wearing away so quickly, and they will have also the patent

Outside Stationary Strap

Instead of the very inconvenient web inside strap, used on other makes of Boots

ASK FOR THE
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The KANSAS PACIFIC HOMESTEAD

Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information about KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises,

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OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in climate, soil, and every production of our zone, the most favored.

The Kansas Pacific
Is 114 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver.

The favorite route of the tourist and the best line to the

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March 14, 1872-6m. Kansas City, Mo.

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Is the greatest Blood Remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Blood Humors, Female Complaints, Impure Blood in fact wherever the blood is impure Pure Blood is the guarantee of Health. Read "A word to the wise is sufficient." R. E. Brooks, Painesville, O. "It cured my child of Erysipelas." Wm. E. Bentley, Leechburg, Pa. "It cured me of Scrofula." R. E. SELLERS & CO., Druggists, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Send for Pamphlet.

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN,
Surgeon Dentist,

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.
Feb. 28, 1879.-tf,

S. H. DECKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LILLY'S, CAMBRIA CO., PA.,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and adjoining townships. Office and residence on railroad street, opposite Passenger station, where night and day calls will receive prompt attention, regardless of distance or weather. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Lilly's, March 14, 1879.-1y.

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Gutman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in Germaan a well as English. [9-5,'71. tf.]

TO ADVERTISERS.—Send for our Selete List of Local Newspapers. Send free on application. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 40 Spruce Street, New York.

IN THE SPRING.

In the spring a million sunbeams steal from out the eastern sky,
In the spring we hear the buzzing of the festive April fly;
In the spring the village damsel decks herself with violets blue,
In the spring the landlord hastens to collect the rent that's due;
In the spring the sparrow's chirping floats across the meadow land,
In the spring the lovesick couple at the front gate take their stand;
In the spring the young man's ulster on the porch is hung to dry,
In the spring the lazy bullock on the hilltop stops to sigh;
In the spring the gentle cockroach dances 'round the kitchen floor,
In the spring the little children jump upon your cellar door;
In the spring the gay mosquito from New Jersey seems to float,
In the spring the little urchin goes out sailing in a boat—
And never comes back.
—*New York Express.*

PROVERBS IN COOKING.

Miss Dodds has recently been delivering a series of lectures on cookery, at Association Hall, in Philadelphia, which have an absorbing interest for all persons who delight in palatable and wholesome dishes. We believe that extensive reform is possible and desirable in this respect, and hence make room in this issue of the FREEMAN for some valuable information on her favorite art, that Miss Dodds has been giving the public in her lectures. They might properly be called culinary proverbs:

There is a greenness in onion and potatoes that renders them hard to digest. For health's sake, put them in warm water for an hour before cooking.

The only kind of a stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas stove; with it you can simmer a pot for an hour or boil it at the same rate for twenty minutes.

Good flour is not tested by its color. White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs.

In cooking a fowl, to ascertain when it is done put a skewer into the breast and if the breast is tender the fowl is done.

A few dried or preserved cherries, with stones out, are the very best things possible to garnish sweet dishes.

Nelson's gelatine is the best, because it is stronger than any other kind.

Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is the best for tea and coffee. Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours. Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change to butter.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

In boiling eggs hard put them in boiling water ten minutes and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

You must never attempt to boil the dressing of a clear soup in the stock, for it will always discolor the soup.

In making any sauce put the butter and flour in together, and your sauce will never be lumpy.

Whenever you see your sauce boil from the sides of the pan you may know your flour or corn starch is done.

Boiled fowl with sauce, over which grate the yolk of eggs, is a magnificent dish for luncheon.

Tepid water is produced by combining two-thirds cold and one-third boiling.

To make maccaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put in hot water or stewed in milk.

The yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

Never put a pudding that is to be steamed in anything else than a dry mould.

Never wash raisins that are to be used for sweet dishes. It makes the pudding heavy. To clean them, wipe them in a dry towel.

To brown sugar for sauces or for puddings, put the sugar in a perfectly dry saucepan. If the pan is the least bit wet the sugar will burn, and you will spoil your saucepan.

Cutlets and steaks may be fried as well as broiled, but must be put in hot butter or lard. The grease is hot enough when it throws off a bluish smoke.

The water used in mixing bread must be tepid hot. If it is too hot, the loaf will be full of great holes.

To boil potatoes successfully: when the skin breaks pour off the water and let them finish cooking in their own steam.

In making a crust of any kind do not melt the lard in the flour. Melting will injure the crust.

In boiling dumplings of any kind put them in the water one at a time. If they are put in together they will mix with each other.

Yesterday she made clear soups from the soup stock prepared on Friday. For the stock she used two pounds of the middle cut of the shin of beef, the sixth part of a head of celery, a very small piece of turnip, a large teaspoonful of carrot, one teaspoonful of black and white pepper, six or eight cloves and a small onion. Immerse in five pints of cold water and boil as in all stocks. To make the clear soups strain the stock, to remove from it all the shreds of meat and remove from the top of it all the grease, and cook in a stew-pan. Separate the yolk and white and add a little salt. Do not use the yolks. If the shells are perfectly clean put them in, too.

Add half a gill of cold water and put it into the stock and whisk the contents of the simmering pan with two forks. The instant it boils the white of the eggs will gather all the impurities at the surface. Boil quickly two or three minutes and pour it at once through a clean kitchen towel and try to prevent the crust from coming out of the pan. The soup is now perfectly clear. It can be made brown by adding a few drops of caramel, but clear soup is the most fasionable.

Housekeepers will do well to cut this out and paste it up where it is handy.

WHITEWASH.—Following is the Germantown *Telegraph's* recipe for preparing whitewash:

Take the very best stone-lime, and slack it in a close tub, covered with a cloth to preserve the steam. Salt—as much as can be dissolved in the water used for slacking and reducing the lime—should be applied, and the whole mass carefully strained and thickened with a small quantity of sand, the purer and finer the better. A few pounds of wheat flour mixed as paste may be added, and will give greater durability to the mass, especially when applied to the exterior of buildings. With pure lime, properly slacked and mixed with twice its weight of fine sand and sifted wood ashes, in equal proportions, almost any color may be made by the addition of pigments. Granite, slate, freestone and other shades may be imitated, and without any detriment to the durability of the wash. This covering is very often applied, and with good effect, to underpinning, stone fences, roofs and the walls of barns and other out-buildings. Probably the pure whitewash is more healthy than the colored, as its alkalescent properties are superior, and when used in cellars, kitchens and sleeping apartments, produces salutary results. No person who regards the health of his family should neglect to apply a coat of it every spring. Country places, especially farm out-houses, fences, etc., are greatly improved in appearance by an annual coat of good whitewash, and will add to their permanency much more than many would imagine. It is cheap and easily applied, so that neither expense nor labor can be urged against it.

A SINGULAR BIRD FACT.—It has for a long time been an enigma to the ornothologist how certain species of small singing birds, which spend the winter in Egypt or Algeria, and the summer in Southern or Western Europe, ever succeed in crossing the Mediterranean, as many of them are not able to fly one quarter of a mile without resting. The Bedouins of Northern Africa say that they travel on the backs of larger birds, whiling away the dreary hours of the sea voyage by their song, and Bedouin poetry swarms with allusions to this charming picture of the songless stork carrying on his powerful back a cluster of small songsters across the sea. And, singularly enough, the peasants of Southern and Western Europe say exactly the same. Every European country has thousands of stories about the splendid gifts which the storks bring along from the Nile, and among these gifts are always mentioned as the first, babies and singing birds. But in spite of this remarkable unanimity in the lower spheres, none has dreamed of finding a fact at the bottom of these tales until lately, one great ornothologist after the other declares himself willing to accept the explanation: nor have traces of positive proof been altogether lacking.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—The Bathurst (N. S. W.) *Courier* reports a most marvelous discovery in connection with the importation of live cattle. Signor Rotura and Mr. James Grant have devised a freezing process by which the life of animals can be suspended long enough to secure their shipment to any point, after which they are thawed out and sent to grass if necessary. A writer says he saw fourteen sheep, four lambs and three pigs that had been in the frozen trance for nineteen days. One of the lambs was removed to another room, dropped gently into a warm bath, taken out in twenty minutes, and after being manipulated by Signor Rotura for ten minutes skipped out through the door and went gamboling about the green. The same process applies to cattle, but the handling, owing to their great weight, would be difficult. Signor Rotura has no doubt that animation can be suspended and restored in the human body by the same process.

MORNING MIRAGE.—A characteristic phenomenon in Dakota is the morning mirage, seen on the prairies just before sunrise in clear, cold, still weather. At such times wide reaches of country ordinarily cut off from the view by rising ground or belts of timber, will be raised, as it were, above all obstacles. Towns and other prominent objects, twenty miles away, are no longer invisible, but are clearly revealed with all that lies between them and the spectator. The windows may be counted in houses which at other times can no more be seen than if they were at the antipodes, and near objects, usually just within the range of vision, seem to be brought much closer. As the sun's orb rises above the horizon the vision sinks below it.

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Sugars.

8 lbs. fine Powdered Sugar for	1.00
8 lbs. patent cut Loaf Sugar for	1.00
10 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	1.00
11 lbs. White Sugar for	1.00
11½ lbs. best Brown Sugar for	1.00
12 lbs. good Brown Sugar for	1.00

Teas.
The largest, nest and cheapest collection in the city.

A good English Breakfast Tea for	50
A good Green Tea for	50
A good Fomosa Oolong for	50
Best Fomosa Oolong for	90
Gunpowder Tea from	75 to 90
Japan Tea from	50 to 90
Imperial Tea	50, 75 and 90
Fong Tie Tea, in packages	50

Green Coffees.

8 lbs. Coffee for	1.00
Fair Rio Coffee, per lb	13
Good Rio Coffee, per lb	18
Choice Rio Coffee, per lb	20
Maracaibo Coffee, per lb	25
Choice Old Government Java Coffee	30
Mocha Coffee, per lb	33

Roasted Coffees.

Fair Rio Coffee, per lb	18
Good Rio Coffee, per lb	20
Choice Rio Coffee, per lb	25
Maracaibo Coffee, per lb	30
Old Government Java, per lb	35

Having bought a new Patent Coffee Roaster, I now roast my own Coffees and have them all the time fresh.

Molasses and Syrups.

Common Syrup, per gallon	35 and 40
New Orleans, per gallon	75
Choice Syrup, per gallon	50
Silver Drips, per gallon	60
Pure Heavy Sugar Syrup, per gallon	75

Canned Goods.

10 3-lb. cans Tomatoes for	$1.00
4 3-lb. cans Table Peaches for	1.00
8 2-lb. cans Green Corn for	1.00
8 2-lb. cans Green Peas for	1.00
5 cans Pine Apples for	1.00

Dried Fruits, &c.

6 lbs. Hominy for	25
4 lbs. Dried Currants for	25
4 lbs. Dried Apples for	25
4 lbs. Dried (half) Peaches for	25
1 lb. Cherries, pitted	25
3 lbs. Turkey Prunes for	25
French Prunes for ....12½, 15, 18, 20 and	25
Shakers' Dried Sweet Corn, 10c., or 3 lbs. for	25
Steam cooked desiccated White Wheat, 2-lb. package for	25
White Clover Honey, per lb	20

Sundries.

12 boxes Blueing for	25
10 boxes Coffee Essence for	25
10 plugs Smoking Tobacco for	1 00
4 lbs. Pearl Starch for	25
4 lbs. Silver Gloss Starch for	10
1 lb. Oswego Gloss Starch for	10
Sugar Cured Ham, per lb	10
Breakfast Bacon, per lb	9
25 pieces Diamond Soap for	1 00
25 pieces Palm Soap for	1 00
17 pieces Telephone Soap for	1 00
7 pieces Rosin Soap for	25
7 pieces Dobbins' Electric Soap for	25
7 pieces Gold Soap for	50
7 pieces Rabbitt's Soap for	50
Kitchen Crystal Soap, 10c., or 3 pieces for	25
Mackerel, per dozen, 15c.; per barrel	5 00

All other kind of Fish at prices equally cheap.

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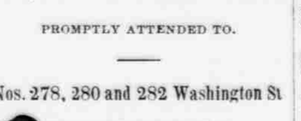

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